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SUCCESSFUL politicians, we suppose, have always been pretty well skilled in playing upon the emotions of the electorate. In fact, it is probably fair to say that the most successful man in politics, in the end, is the one who is best versed in the psychology of emotion; whether his ability to use his knowledge be conscious or unconscious—whether he be a demagogue or a statesman.

WHEREFORE we are much interested in Harvey O'Higgins's article in this issue on "Election by Emotion"—both in applying the interesting theories in it to ourselves and to our friends and enemies, and in speculating on the many questions which it raises.

CERTAINLY, the present election has roused emotions which seem far more powerful than any of the reasoned attempts to deal with them. Many of our correspondents write us telling us of old friendships and tried affections that are being broken and dimmed by the campaign. And yet, if our observation is worth anything, most people have not changed much in so far as the original feelings which they entertained are concerned. They have, in great measure, merely translated these feelings into what appear to be intellectual reasons for voting now as they wanted to, in the beginning.

SINCE this seems to be true of conservatives as well as liberals, it is hard to escape the conclusion that Mr. O'Higgins is probably right in thinking that the election will go to the Republicans. Liberal-minded people, as distinguished from conservative-minded people, are perhaps always in a minority in any country at any given time. To win elections then, they must have issues which do not affect too strongly the emotional fears of the conservatives. If they have precisely the issues which affect most strongly those fears, they must lose. Such issues, it seems to us, the Democrats have this year.

AT THE beginning of the campaign we said that in our opinion Mr. Smith's chance of election lay in his ability to rouse waves of emotion in men's hearts. Mr. Hoover, we thought, wouldn't have to. According to Mr. O'Higgins, however, Mr. Smith is rousing waves in both directions.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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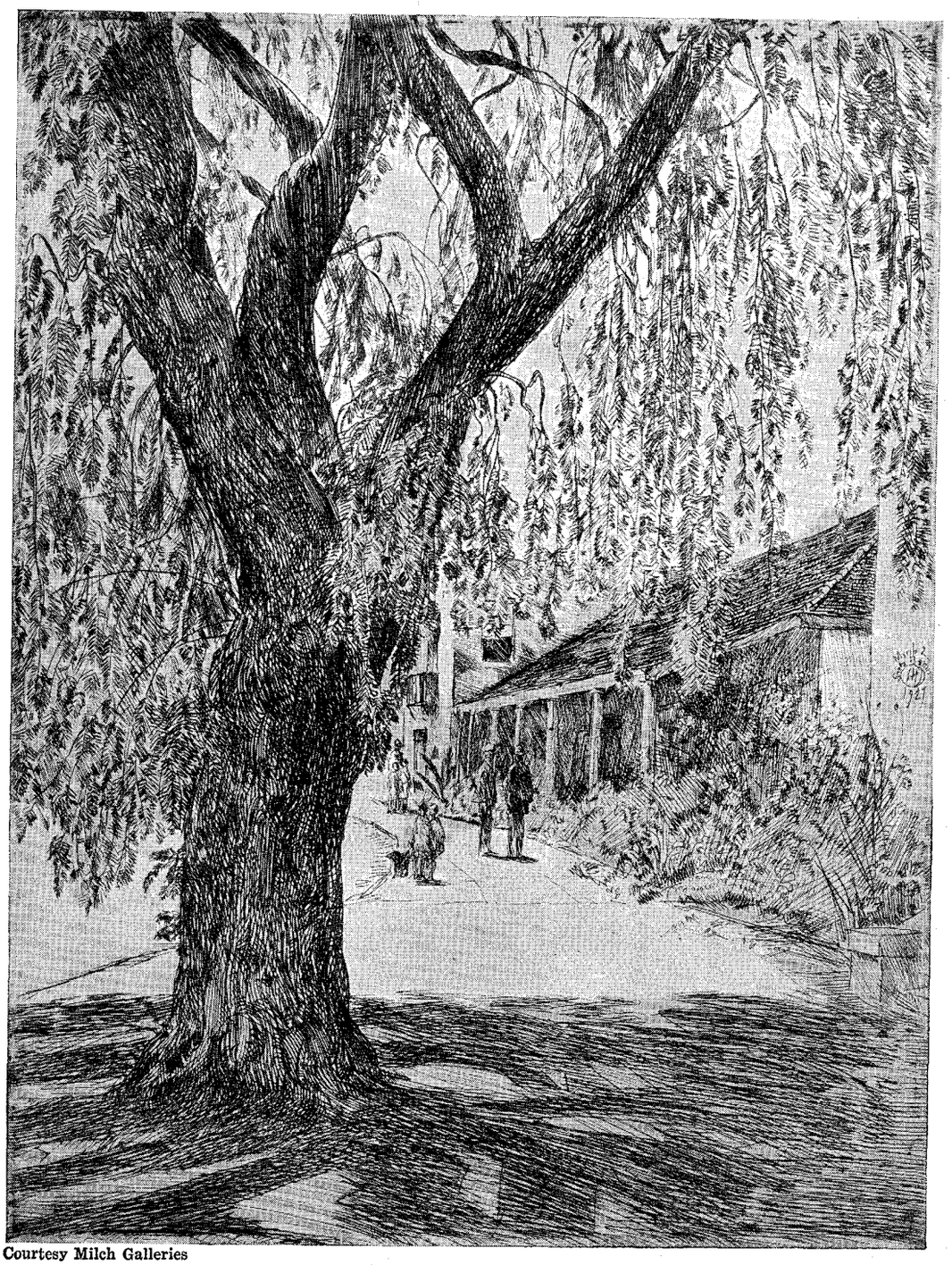

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Outlook
October 17, 1928

Election By Emotion

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

Mr. O'Higgins thinks that Mr. Hoover will occupy the White House after next March. He draws this conclusion, not from conventional sources of information, but from his long study of the American mind. Right or wrong, his analysis is certainly an exceptionally interesting contribution to the discussion of the candidates and the issues. This is the first of a series which the author has written for The Outlook; all will deal with current thought and action in terms of the new psychology.

"A MAN is not elected by his friends but by his opponent's enemies." That is an axiom of American politics. And in any election campaign, the professionals on the campaign committees do not worry too much about winning favor for their own candidate; they busy themselves mostly with plans for stirring up animosity against his rival. This is inevitable. It is inevitable because it succeeds. You might as well object to the use of dramatic love-interest in a stage play as resent the appeal to hate and prejudice in an election. The amateur may plead that the campaign should be kept to the issues and the appeal be made to an intelligent electorate to decide each issue on its merits, and all the rest of it; but the practical politicians know that people do not vote with their intellects but with their emotions, and the emotion easiest to arouse in an American community is hatred. Certainly it is much more easy to arouse than any more affectionate or loyal and friendly feeling.

Why? And why is the present contest between Smith and Hoover so largely a campaign of prejudice, a whispering campaign, with appeals to religious enmities and moral animosities, and the use of anti-Irish incitements against Smith and anti-English ones against Hoover? And counting up the currents of hatred on both sides, which candidate will win?

I know that the proper way to make an election forecast is to consider how many farmers will vote for a candidate's measure of farm-relief, and how many business men will support his tariff, and how many laboring men be won by his record on labor, and how many drys go this way and how many wets the other, and so forth. But this is to suppose that people vote more or less intelligently and in response to considerations of "enlightened self-interest," as the socialists used to call it. And if the experienced politicians do not act on that belief, why should we? And if the whole socialist program has obviously gone to smash because of this Marxian delusion about "enlightened self-interest" being a ruling motive in man, why should we continue to count on it even in an election forecast?

WHEN the late world war was first threatening Europe, the socialists predicted confidently that it would be stopped, before it began, by the refusal of the workingmen of France and Germany to kill one another in a quarrel between their employers. And when the French and German workingmen rushed to arms without a moment's consideration of their "enlightened self-interest," Max Eastman wrote bitterly in his socialist weekly that it was evident to him men were "governed not by intelligence but by instinct." How do you suppose Max Eastman ever attained the age of reason without learning this first and most obvious truth about mankind? And if even the most Marxian socialists have learned to apply it to a war, why should we not apply it to the forecast of an election campaign?

Of course, when you say that men are governed by instinct and not by intelligence, or vote by instinct and not intelligently, you are not expressing yourself with any attempt at scientific accuracy. What you mean is that men commonly act upon instinctive impulses, emotionally and automatically, and not upon reasoned conclusions, consciously arrived at after intelligent thought. And the so-called new psychology has a lot to say about that matter, because reasoned conclusions are an affair of conscious intellect, and instinctive impulses come from the subconscious mind; and the doctors discover that conscious intellect has almost no control over ordinary human conduct, whereas the subconscious mind has every control over it; so that in wars and elections, as a matter of fact, people behave exactly as they do at any other time—only more so, as it were.

To pursue the point a little further, one may say, without being too technical, that the instinctive impulses in the subconscious mind seem to divide themselves into two main currents—the impulses of the egotistic instincts and of those that appear altruistic. In the one stream are the instincts of fear, self-preservation, self-love and so on. In the other are the instincts of affection,

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the sex-instinct, the maternal instinct, the herd instinct, and so through the whole list which William McDougall first made popular in his famous "Introduction to Social Psychology." On that showing, one might expect "enlightened self-interest" to be an issue of the egotistic instincts, but the catch is in the word "enlightened." By enlightened self-interest, the socialist means intelligent self-interest—particularly economic self-interest—arriving at a reasoned conclusion that strikes a balance between possible loss and profit in an action and chooses the path that will lead to a margin of gain. Such a consideration of self-interest is not an instinctive operation but an intellectual one. The ego instincts are not that sort of animal at all. Instinctive egotism has no thought of self-interest in any such sense. It will operate with instinctive satisfaction even when the egotism is ruining the egotist. You will find an entertaining psychological study of the process in George Meredith's novel, "The Egoist."

All emotional appeals, whether in wars or elections, are appeals to instinctive impulses. There is no such thing as an emotion arising in the conscious intellect. All emotions are instinctive emotions, welling up from the subconscious mind; and in their origin they are "purposeful to instinct," as the doctors say. In wartime, of course, the great appeal is to the emotion of patriotism and the impulses of the herd instinct, to fear and hatred of the enemy, and to the egotism that sees itself aggrandized in the glory of its country. In election campaigns a similar appeal is made by waving the flag, by stirring up party loyalty, by arousing fear and hatred of the opposing party, and by identifying the ego of the party-man with the success of the party's candidate and the glory of the party's victory. That also is inevitable. The man who objects to it might as well object to the descent of the water at Niagara Falls.

But, in the present campaign between Hoover and Smith, these herd loyalties have been cut across by other emotions. The question of prohibition divides both parties. So does the question of religion. And the problem of farm relief. And the politicians on both sides are seeking emotional appeals that will take advantage of such cross-currents, neutralize them in their own party and inflame them in the ranks of their opponents. Hence the hate, the venomous whisper, the call to religious intolerance, the appeal to prejudice, to factional animosity, to any emotion that may hook a vote out of the conflicting currents that have already so muddied up the pure waters of party faith.

In spite of our admixture of foreign blood, the American people are still predominantly Puritan in their traditions and their ways of thought. The Puritan sets his soul against a powerful instinct in man, the sex instinct. To him, sex is sin. His religion also requires him to frown on his ego instinct, to be meek, to be humble, charitable, forgiving. He never quite makes that grade, but he performs miracles with his taboo on sex. He marks sex as an animal appetite that is hateful in the eyes of God. And it makes him hateful to himself. He sees himself as a miserable sinner, self-convicted by the animal impulses that keep rising in him, distempered with an inner war between the Flesh and the Spirit, and abhorrent to himself because the Spirit can never defeat the Flesh. The more religious, the more Puritanical he is, the more this poisonous self-hatred inwardly accumulates.

Now the doctors have discovered a curious thing about him. Except in the meekest and most pious saints, self-hatred cannot express itself in its own form. The natural egotism of the animal will not let it. It gets itself vented only as a righteous hatred of others—particularly of those who seem to personify the impulses for which the Puritan subconsciously hates himself. Hence the witch-hunts of the early American Puritans and the vice crusades of their modern descendants. Hence also their religious intolerance; for the Puritan, by a peculiar logic of the subconscious, finding himself hateful to his God, gets an easement of his self-hate by projecting it upon all arguable enemies of his God. The original Puritans came to America in search of religious liberty, but when they found it for themselves they denied it to all other sects. They persecuted zealously. They have persecuted ever since. Any appeal to religious bigotry, to righteous moral animosity, is irresistible to them. It gives them the relief of an instinctive satisfaction. It makes them truly happy.

For this reason, the Ku Klux Klan has been a perfect picnic for them. The Klan originated in a race hatred of the negro; it quickly expanded to include the anti-foreigners and the hundred-per-cent Americans in general. In communities where there are no negroes, no Jews, no Catholics, and no foreigners in sufficient numbers to authorize a mass movement, the Klan has functioned in the quarrel between unorganized and union labor. Its inspiration is simply the floating hatred in any community that is animated by subconscious self-hate.

One of the Puritan divines who has been most conspicuous in his leadership of this multitudinous emotion has been reminded by his political opponents that he should be preaching "Love thy neighbor as thyself." But when a man subconsciously hates himself, the text can only encourage him to love his neighbor as little. To love his neighbor, he must first love himself. He must have tolerance, forgiveness, charity for himself if he is to have it for others. And to the Puritan, tolerance of himself and self-forgiveness are a sort of moral turpitude.

In the present election campaign, all the Puritan American's self-hate is being projected upon the Democratic candidate. And inevitably so. Smith is a Catholic. He is also wet, and in the Puritan mind sex and alcohol are associated in sin. It is this association that makes prohibition a moral issue. And that is probably the subconscious reason, too, why the Puritan divine inevitably believes and argues that Smith is the friend of prostitution, gambling and all allied social evils. These are regarded by the Puritan as especially the sins of the big town. His hatred of his own animal impulse toward those sins gives him a peculiar animus against the city. Smith was born in the metropolis. His campaign song is "The Sidewalks of New York." To hear that song will move the out-of-town Puritan to a happy release of accumulated venom, which he will discharge against Smith.

All this is also inevitable. It is one of the prices we pay for our successful civilization. As the doctors cheerfully point out, the Puritan, by putting a taboo on his sex instinct, damned up in himself an inexhaustible reservoir of instinctive energy which has found its escape in industry, in business activity, in the enormous psychic drive that has produced our material prosperity. Apparently we cannot have both this urge to industry and the genial contentment of soul that comes of self-forgiveness

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and the tolerance of our animal instincts. We cannot have both the anxious drive and the milk of human kindness that is secreted by the contented psyche. Or, if we can, the doctors have not yet found the way to arrange it. Anyway, it need not concern us here. For the moment we are attempting only to forecast the subconscious issues in a presidential election. You might suppose that all the Puritan projections of self-hate on Smith would be balanced by the votes of the Jews, Catholics, the foreigners and the wets who are included in the Puritan animosity. It does not seem to work out that way. Other subconscious influences interfere.

In the typical American community, the Jew, the Irish-Catholic and the foreigner are very much in the minority. They are not received on terms of social equality by the governing majority. They are mildly ostracized and looked down upon. They respond with that mixed emotion of resentment and admiration for the ruling caste which any submerged minority is bound to feel. Or, as the doctors say, they develop "an inferiority." You will find an excellent study of this psychology, as far as concerns the Jew, in Ludwig Lewisohn's recent novel "The Island Within." In New York, in Chicago, in Boston, where the Jews and Catholics and foreigners have settled in such numbers that they have a herd of their own to support them against intolerance, their sense of inferiority is passing; and they have "maximated" their egos, as the doctors put it, by obtaining political and financial power and ruling the ruling caste; so that, in these larger cities, it is possible for them to vote for a presidential candidate from their own ranks. But outside of the big towns, you will find what the doctors call "a rationalization" of inferiority in Smith's natural supporters, showing as a reluctance to foresee him in the White House.

There was recently published a newspaper interview with one of Smith's boyhood friends who has remained poor and inconspicuous. He had voted for Smith for Governor, he said, but he could not vote to put him in the presidency. That, it seemed to him, was going too far. The same emotion of subconscious inferiority, projected upon Smith, is voluble in the whispered rumors that the Catholic hierarchy are opposed to him because he might not worthily represent his people. He might not "do them proud." If he were one of the wealthy social leaders of the Catholic circle, it might be different. He is especially criticized for his lapses into poor but popular English. And, at the same time, you will notice that Hoover's managers are stressing his humble origin, his obscure birth, and the poverty of his childhood, and putting out as a campaign document the photograph of the tumble-down shack in which he was born.

When you come to the question of prohibition, you strike another subconscious determinant that is most interesting. "America acts wet but votes dry," as the politicians say. Or as Will Rogers observed, "You could repeal prohibition, if you could count the breaths instead of the ballots." Why do you suppose this is so? Why, for instance, before national prohibition was enacted, did heavy drinkers in the Western states go to the polls and vote dry? I asked several of them why they had done it, as long ago as 1915, and they invariably answered that when they got into the polling booths they found themselves unable to vote wet. It did not prevent, them, however, from patronizing the bootlegger thereafter. Why is that?

The doctors answer that in the subconscious mind of the average American, the government is Dad. A man's instinctive attitude to authority is formed in his childhood by his relations with his father. That attitude, set before intelligence fully develops, does not become much more intelligent in later years. By voting dry, the drinker gets the paternal protection of the government, which is put in the place of the stern father forbidding the son to drink; and the son proceeds then to drink with a new gusto, because he is outwitting and disobeying his father mischievously, and because the drink has the added sweetness of stolen fruit. Instead of having to control himself in freedom, he has now shifted his responsibility to the paternal shoulders of the government. He has the childish satisfaction of being protected by the father and of evading the protection. When it comes to voting, he still votes dry, because he feels subconsciously that he needs to be protected from his appetite for alcohol. Having voted, he goes out with a good conscience, to get

Underwood

MR. AND MRS. HERBERT HOOVER ARRIVING IN NEWARK FOR THE EASTERN SPEAKING TOUR

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a drink. It is doubtful, therefore, whether he will vote for Smith—unless he is convinced that the President has no power to do anything about prohibition, one way or the other.

And there is another aspect of the government-as-Dad theory which affects the emotional currents of the present campaign. The ruler of a country becomes confused with the father-image in the subconscious mind. You see indications of it when Washington is called "The Father of his country" and Lincoln is "Father Abraham" and the Czar of Russia is "Little Father" and so on. Consequently, the older and more fatherly-looking man ought to have an advantage over the young and adventurous-looking one in a campaign for the presidency. President Harding in appearance was the perfect father-image, the symbol of grave protectiveness. Hoover's managers have wisely emphasized his instinctive feeling for children and his impulsive fight to save the starving children in Belgium during the war and the starving children in Germany after the armistice. They are making a father-image out of him. But Smith, with his brown derby on the side of his head and his cigar in the teeth of a broad smile, is an image not of fatherly protection but of genial adventurousness. That picture of him will not gain him many votes.

CERTAINLY not among the women. And especially not among the women of the typical American community. To them, such a picture of Smith is a picture of the bad boy, grown up, who used to live "across the tracks." They would as soon think of voting to put such a figure in the White House as of bringing the bad boy into their homes to corrupt their always-innocent sons. Indeed, in the subconscious minds of the women who have become reformers, this bad boy, grown up, is the typical corruptionist against whom they have been waging war in order to protect their husbands as they have protected their sons. Smith's connection with Tammany Hall makes the identification complete, and no intelligent discussion of his relations with Tammany Hall or of his record as an independent while he was Governor of New York state, will make any difference to the situation. The thing is not conscious and intelligent but subconscious and emotional. Arguments will not affect it.

It is among the women, then, that the whispering campaign will be most successful, and now that women vote we must expect whispering campaigns to become increasingly important in electioneering. Campaigns of the sort have been notoriously effective, for years past, in the women-suffrage states of the West. With woman suffrage become national, the whisper will inevitably play its useful part in contests for the presidency. The men are not so moved by it. In Wilson's last campaign the organized use of scandalous stories against him rather helped him with the men. You could hear the smoking-room gossips everywhere saying, "Well, I'd no idea he was such a regular fellah!" The women do not react so forgivingly. And for obvious reasons. A boy, in his response to a charge of scandal against his father, is never so horrified as his sister; the erring father is guilty of an infidelity to the daughter as well as to the wife. The woman who is consciously voting for a father-image in the presidency will find her candidate destroyed in her heart by the whisper of scandal. The man will merely find his political father-hero brought down off the pedestal to a level nearer his own. Scandal-mongering among men has commonly had that inspiration; it serves the ends of amiable envy; it comforts a natural inferiority by making a man feel that his hero is not so much better than he. The women are the predestined victims of scandal. It is a real poison to them. And they are more addicted to it because it gives them the instinctive satisfaction which men obtain from risqué stories. In Puritanic American communities, consequently, the whispering campaign will always be popular and effective among women, for subconscious reasons over which they have no intelligent control.

TO the men in this campaign, two potent emotional appeals are being made by the Hoover managers, and the key-words in the incantation are "prosperity" and "efficiency." Since the days of the first Puritans, "prosperity" has been a sacred word in the American tradition. With the Puritans, their prosperity was the visible evidence of God's blessing on their virtue. Their great holiday was their "Thanksgiving Day" on which they celebrated their successful harvest and gave thanks for it to God: and their psychology is still preserved in the presidential proclamation setting the date for Thanksgiving Day, as well as in the President's speeches in which he quotes the statistics of prosperity and praises the creator of the universe because the balance is on the right side of the ledger. The emotion is the same as that of the small boy who has been told that if he is a good little boy and obeys his parents, Santa Claus will remember him with gifts. Prosperity is still, subconsciously, a proof to the good American that his virtue is rewarded, and he has still what is almost a religious reverence for worldly success. He cannot help but look with suspicion on any one who continues in misfortune and bad luck. And he is never so happy as when he is with the winners on the band-wagon.

Prosperity is God's reward for virtue, and the great virtue that is now rewarded is efficiency. It, too, has come to have an almost religious respect in the mind of the Puritan American. He looks on many of his instinctive impulses as weaknesses that impede him in his career; and inefficiency in himself has largely taken on the aspects of the Old Flesh that he must fight. Efficiency is therefore a virtue in its own right. It is not merely a means to a practical end. It is almost a state of grace. And Hoover has been well-inspired to plead for prohibition that it has promoted national "efficiency" and national "prosperity," because in the contemporary American subconsciousness those two words seem to have inherited the emotional magic that once existed, for the Puritans, in the words "virtue" and "salvation."

HOOVER has done equally well in speaking of prohibition as "noble in purpose." To the Puritan American, the motive of an act is the measure of its morality; it is a moral act if it has a moral purpose. Prohibition may be as fiendish as you please in its effects, but as long as it is noble in its purpose it appeals to a sanctified emotion that puts all question of its effects out of court. The same emotion swamps all consideration of whether or not the law is enforceable. If it is a moral law, noble in its purpose, the fact that it is not enforceable cannot vitiate it. It still remains a godly aspiration, emotionally uplifting. The arguments for its appeal are necessarily debatable arguments, founded on questions of fact, relying on intelligent considera-

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The Soviet System, Mexican Style

The Fifth Article in the Series: "The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze"

By MARCELO VILLEGAS

How Calles and Obregon built up their power and how relations with the United States have developed under Ambassadors Warren, Sheffield, and Morrow, are told in this article bringing the story of the Mexican revolution down to date.

Some of the passages discussing recent events make it necessary to repeat that the writer is not a Catholic.

UPON assuming the presidency of Mexico, Calles repudiated the pledges of his predecessor to the United States regarding non-retroactivity of the confiscatory section of the so-called Constitution of 1917. He did so on the pretext that the promises of Obregon had been based on individual opinions, not binding on the new administration. He repudiated also the agreement made by De la Huerta regarding payments on the national debt.

The Mexican Congress quickly passed by-laws or regulatory statutes interpreting Article 27 of the Constitution, which nationalized the soil and its resources; and as a first step to confiscation, the oil companies were ordered to exchange their land titles for fifty-year concessions. The companies refused. Their permits for drilling were then canceled, and they were notified that their properties would revert to the nation unless they obeyed the new statutory law.

Charles Beecher Warren, who, as a recognition for having negotiated the agreement with Obregon in 1923, had been Ambassador to Mexico for some time, was replaced by James R. Sheffield. This new Ambassador, who had no compromises or prejudices, was in a position to study the situation on impartial grounds. Ten months were enough for him to unmask the tortuous policy of Calles and his confederates. A sharp exchange of official correspondence resulted in a deadlock, and the Ambassador reported to the State Department.

As a consequence, on June 12, 1925, Secretary Kellogg issued his celebrated statement declaring: "The government of Mexico is now on trial before the world. We have the greatest interest in the stability, prosperity and independence of Mexico. We have been patient and realize, of course, that it takes time to bring about a stable government, but we cannot countenance violation of her obligations and failure to protect American citizens."

In the same statement Secretary Kellogg referred to the probability of a revolutionary change of government, were the United States to withdraw its support of the Mexican administration—admitting officially for the first time that the Mexican radicals are in power largely because of the assistance of the United States.

CALLES answered the statement of the American Secretary with another statement challenging the right of the United States to interfere in Mexican domestic matters. But the Mexican radicals were in a panic; many of them sold their properties, gathered as much as they could, and prepared to leave the country on short notice.

The whole machinery of propaganda was set at work. Those Americans employed in an "advisory capacity" came to the United States to enlist the support of Senators, industrialists, peace societies and editors, to "avert war." The drive was quickly felt. Even that section of the American press which had attempted to print the truth about Mexico, trimmed sail. A soft-pedal policy was soon in evidence everywhere.

Having thus hushed the storm, Calles entangled the question of Americans' property rights in a net of legal technicalities. Tedious proceedings in Mexican courts served to avert a day of reckoning.

In fact, of all the promises made by Obregon in 1923 in exchange for recognition, Calles fulfilled none excepting to keep alive, though ineffective, the two commissions to settle international claims. The Commission sitting at Mexico City has held but one session, in 1926, which dealt with claims arising from the murder of seventeen defenseless United States citizens at Santa Isabel, Chihuahua, in 1916. Liability was denied on the technical ground that the murderers were bandits, not revolutionaries. The Brazilian arbiter by this decision established a precedent which will wipe out almost every foreign claim against the Mexican Government. The Commission sitting at Washington has achieved next to nothing. Of more than 1,400 claims filed, less than one per cent have been acted upon.

But even if the claims had been adjudicated promptly and fairly, where is the money to make payment? The truth is that Calles fed the diplomats of the United States with his finger.

SUCH was the state of affairs when President Adolfo Diaz of Nicaragua represented to President Coolidge that the sovereignty and independence of his country were menaced by Mexico and that the Nicaraguan Government would not be able to fulfill its obligations to protect the lives and property of foreigners without assistance from the United States.

The reason for this appeal was that Juan Sacasa, the leader of a liberal rebellion, had enlisted the aid of Calles in starting a revolution. Calles gave to Sacasa money, arms, munitions, officers, and means of transport to Puerto Cabeza, on the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua, where a revolutionary government with Sacasa as President was set up and quickly recognized by Calles.

With the material and moral support of Calles the Sacasa revolution was able to make a drive toward the Nicaraguan capital and to throw into turmoil a great part of the country.

President Coolidge, in response to this appeal, placed an embargo on shipment of materials of war from the United States to Nicaragua, and asked Mexico to do likewise. Calles refused.

The British Ambassador notified Washington that British lives and property were threatened in Corinto, Leon, Managua, and Matagalpa, and that the British Government had decided to send a man-of-war to the west coast of Nicaragua for moral effect and as a refuge for British subjects. Other governments appealed to Secretary

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Kellogg for protection for their nationals in Nicaragua.

The alternative for the United States Government was either to intervene, or to let others do so, thus ending the Monroe Doctrine.

A further consideration was the certainty that, without interference, Sacasa with the assistance of Calles would establish another radical government between the continental United States and the Panama Canal, and bring in question the right already purchased by the United States from Nicaragua to build an interoceanic canal through that country.

Impartial observers believed that such provocation would lead the government at Washington to attack the menace at its centre—Mexico City.

On January 10, 1927, President Coolidge informed Congress in a special message, which read in part:

"As a matter of fact I have the most conclusive evidence that arms and munitions in large quantities have been on several occasions since August, 1926, shipped to the revolutionists in Nicaragua. Boats carrying these munitions have been fitted out in Mexican ports, and some of the munitions bear evidence of having belonged to the Mexican government. It also appears that the ships were fitted out with the full knowledge of, and in some cases, with the encouragement of the Mexican officials and were in one instance, at least, commanded by a Mexican naval officer."

At first it seemed that the State Department did not need any further action on the part of the Mexican radicals to see the situation as it existed. Ambassador Sheffield left Mexico City. It seemed the beginning of the end. But the machinery of Mexican propaganda came into play with such force that in a few weeks President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg were placed on the defensive; the Senate was opposed to any energetic action, and some Senators were bitterly criticizing the attitude of the Executive. The situation became uncertain, and the Mexican radicals appeared confident of a favorable solution.

One day, out of a clear sky, Dwight W. Morrow, a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Co., was appointed Ambassador to Mexico. In Mexico City there was an outburst of enthusiasm and a hurried movement to prepare the "show window" for his arrival.

While Ambassador Morrow was packing his luggage, a new bloody exploit focused the attention of the world on Calles.

The Mexican presidential campaign was already developing into a bitter contest, because the well known plot of Calles and Obregon to alternate in power. The so-called Anti-Reelectionist Party produced two candidates, both military chieftains from Sonora, Francisco Serrano and Arnulfo Gomez. Calles and Obregon had made themselves widely hated in Mexico, and even the proletarian army was showing no strong attachment to them. The air was full of revolutionary rumors, but notwithstanding that spies and agents were at work, the government found no tangible evidence against the opposition candidates.

Underwood

AMBASSADOR MORROW

On Saturday, October 1, 1927, Serrano with a small party of friends and political adherents, most of them civilians, left Mexico City for Cuernavaca, capital of the State of Morelos, to start his speech-making campaign as candidate. Orders went ahead of the party to the Yaqui commander of the Yaqui garrison at Cuernavaca, to dispose of Serrano and his followers as soon as they arrived. That night, when Serrano and his friends were chatting at the dinner table, the Yaquis broke into the room and murdered the party in cold blood. Gomez, the other candidate, fought for a few weeks in the State of Vera Cruz, but he finally was overwhelmed and killed.

A reign of terror and murder ensued, until there were no Anti-Reelectionists left.

The business of murdering candidates to clear the electoral field was so repugnant that a storm of protest swept over the United States. Washington was urged not to continue relations with such a "government," and for a very brief period it seemed possible that Ambassador Morrow would not be sent to his new post.

Calles' back was to the wall. His treasury was empty, and revolution was breaking out all over the country. It was necessary for him to capitulate, as it had been for Obregon to "promise anything" in order to obtain the recognition of Washington. Whatever was necessary to be done, was done, and the peaceful conquest of Mexico by Ambassador Morrow was begun.

Telegrams from Mexico were bringing good news every day—Ambassador Morrow spoke two words in Spanish and was heartily congratulated by Calles' diplomats. Ambassador Morrow breakfasted with Calles, who was deeply impressed by the Ambassador's 100% American way of eating ham and eggs. Calles and Ambassador Morrow went to the North; they traveled in the same car and jointly enjoyed the humorous Will Rogers, specially invited as an envoy of good will. Ambassador Morrow was delighted to see President Calles perform at a bull fight, after which they publicly embraced.

Amid this fawning on the good-humored new Ambassador, some "infamous reactionaries" threw a bomb into Obregon's automobile. He escaped with scratches on his face and hands. His escort killed a passer by and wounded another, who was officially reported to have died a few hours later, after having "confessed" that he threw the bomb at the instigation of a priest and two civilians. They were then court-martialed and executed. Camera men were allowed to take pictures of the execution and many newspapers of the United States published them, causing such a scandal that something had to be done to divert public attention. Colonel Lindbergh was invited to fly from Washington to Mexico City carrying a message of good will. The idea was a master stroke.

Then the Mexican Supreme Court of Justice gave a decision upholding the rights of the American oil companies, and Calles modified the by-laws which were the object of contention, to make them conform to Ambassador Morrow's viewpoint.

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These results were hailed as a triumph of American diplomacy. The difficulties of more than ten years' duration had been clarified in six months and the friendly relations restored!

Only a few inquiring minds have asked what, if anything, will be the net gain. Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes defined the issue on June 7, 1921, and nothing has been accomplished by American diplomacy or American threats to alter its fundamentals. Mr. Hughes said:

"The fundamental question which confronts the Government of the United States in considering its relations with Mexico is the safeguarding of property rights against confiscation. This question is vital because of the provisions inserted in the Mexican Constitution promulgated in 1917. Mexico is free to adopt any policy which she pleases with respect to her public lands, but she is not free to destroy without compensation valid titles which have been obtained by American citizens under the Mexican laws."

Those objectionable provisions remain in the so-called Constitution, and the Mexican Government refuses to alter them.

Only a nation's Constitution and its treaties are binding in international law; domestic laws and voluntary regulations are of no international force.

OBREGON avoided signing a treaty, and substituted the Agreement of 1923, Ambassador Warren's diplomatic triumph, leaving Calles free to repudiate it. In like manner Calles avoided changing the anti-foreign confiscatory sections of the Constitution to satisfy the demands of Secretary Kellogg. Instead, he had the Mexican Congress go through the motions of modifying regulatory statutes to suit Ambassador Morrow. Any radical trickster who possesses power in Mexico can reverse Calles' example, and Ambassador Morrow's triumph will go for naught.

The tragic feature of Ambassador Morrow's triumph is that it means the continuation of Washington's support of the radical Sonoran domination in Mexico.

Behind the much advertised Mexican good will and friendship won by American diplomacy, the Mexican people is being starved and tormented by a radical, small-armed minority. Very few people, if any, understand in the United States the structure and functioning of the communist machinery which disguised as political system is causing the ruin of the Mexican nation.

To the casual observer it seems that Mexico has been converted into a Soviet Republic. There appear to be two strong columns supporting the building; the C. R. O. M. (Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor) and the L. A. C. (League of Agrarian Communities) that is, Workers and Peasants. But upon careful examination of the structure of these columns, the illusion vanishes.

The first thing to be noticed is the unbelievable number of leagues, syndicates, brotherhoods, federations and confederation. Even in localities in which there are only a few scores of workers belonging to the same industrial concern, many groups are in existence, each of them with its own "staff" of high-salaried petty politicians.

A CONSIDERABLE part of the worker's wages goes to line the pockets of the staff; and in order to keep their jobs as steadily as possible, the workers must talk and act as directed by the bosses, that is, by the staff. The least resistance to this exploitation will bring reprisals, lack of work, persecution, exile, or death. Futhermore, the workers are used as tools against the industrialists. With slender pretext, strikes are called; and when a settlement has been forced in favor of the workers, the money squeezed from the industrialists goes to the staff for "expenses and representation."

The petty bosses of small localities are subject to the bosses of the county seat; the latter are tributaries of those pulling the wires at the capital of the state; and, finally, the state bosses are under the national bosses, who in turn are under the Sonoran radicals.

The situation of the peasants is a darker one. The organization is the same; the bosses are equally cruel and repacious, but the farce is more harmful because of the division of the land and its effects.

Whenever a farm is divided by the government, every movable thing, crops included, is carried away; the irrigated lands and the buildings are given to favorites; and the remainder, if any, is allotted to the peasants.

At the summit of the whole structure were, until a few weeks ago, Calles and Obregon, openly united through fear of each other and fear of the Mexican people, and secretly antagonistic because of jealousy and distrust.

Calles relied on the industrial workers through his Secretary of Commerce, Industry and Labor, Luis N. Morones, who in his turn relied on Ricardo Trevino, President of the C.R.O.M. and leader of the Labor Block of the House. Obregon relied on the Agrarians through Antonio Diaz Soty Gama, head of the League of the Agrarian Block of the House.

THE workers, including clerical forces of all kinds, have set up as an instrument of domination and extortion the so-called Board of Conciliation whose branches embrace the entire country; while the Agrarians have established for the same purpose the so-called Agrarian Commission, equally extensive in its scope.

Theoretically these two organizations were created as boards of arbitration; but practically they are the means of curbing capital, which they do simply by deciding every question in favor of "workers and peasants." These boards are in fact above the laws of the country; the Supreme Court of Justice cannot overrule them, and they can employ force to carry out their dictates; furthermore, their power is the source of a new and extensive form of parasitism and graft superimposed upon the already established system of extortion by the politicians.

The Mexican people, with industries dying and the land not being cultivated, are crushed, starved, and driven out of their country.

Cesar Cordoba, Chairman of the Agrarian Commission, an official institution, stated on March 12, 1928: "The incontrovertible, real, tangible and effective fact is that the *lands are not being cultivated and the Mexican people do not produce enough for their necessities.*"

It is a well known fact that by 1926 the Mexican population had been reduced 20 per cent, or 3,000,000, by emigration, to say nothing of those who died from starvation, pestilence, persecution, or murder.

"More Mexican nationals," says a special dispatch from Laredo, Texas, to the New York "Sun," "entered this country (the United States) during the last six months of 1927, than during any corresponding period, according to the United States authorities here. The records show that a total of 1,000,284 aliens crossed the Rio Grande into the United States between July 1, 1927 and

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January 1, 1928. With comparatively few exceptions, all these new-comers were Mexicans."

At such a rate Mexico would be depopulated by 1934!

FURTHERMORE, the radical domination has in itself the germs of destruction. Its fundamental principle is to divide in order to reign. The petty politicians are allowed and encouraged to fight over the spoils of the people and profitable positions. Every election, from that of governors, local legislatures and Federal Congress to that of alderman in a small town, is contested among scores of "political parties," each of them with its own candidates. In Mexico City there have been at one election as many as 108 political parties and 108 candidates for the mayoralty.

Everywhere elections develop into bloody affairs, with the single exception of that of President, in which bloodshed comes before the "ballot" in order to have one candidate—or after, in order to have no successor.

The fight does not stop at that. It continues among the guilds and within every one of them, from the Federal Congress to the smallest police ward.

The Chamber of Deputies has been converted frequently into a battle field. In one of these fights, on November 12, 1924, Luis N. Morones was shot and dangerously wounded.

Even the Senate, which is supposed to be a moderating body, becomes an arena. In its session of 1926 it lost 10 per cent of its members killed in parliamentary disputes, acts of revenge, and saloon brawls. "Quite honorable for a fighting body," commented "Excelsior," the leading paper of Mexico, on January 4, 1927.

With such a situation as a background, the assassination of Alvaro Obregon on July 19, 1928, appears in its true light—a fateful consequence, not a chance to arouse wonder.

The event, reprehensible as it is from a human point of view, is important only as an unmistakable symptom of a mortal disease.

THE radicals came into power through the assassination of Carranza, and have kept their supremacy by assassinating Francisco Villa, Francisco Serrano, Arnulfo Gomez, Salvador Alvarado, Manuel M. Dieguez, Fernando Segovia, Green, Gandara—an interminable list of "generals", without counting those of inferior rank and numberless civilians. A few escaped by fleeing to the United States, Guatemala, or Cuba.

Calles blames the Catholics for Obregon's murder; while the Agrarians, whose head Obregon was, openly accuse the Laborites, whose head Calles is. Others, among them "Il Osservatore Romano," the unofficial organ of the Vatican in Rome, directly accuse Calles.

The fundamental fact is that the Sonoran radicals are utterly lacking in any moral or political principles; they act ruthlessly, as primitives, knowing only the psychology of the gangster. So their trail has been a pathway of murder. Historically, and for every practical purpose, what does it matter who killed Obregon? The wages of sin is death.

It is more important to realize that, by the elimination of Obregon, the equilibrium which allowed the two chiefs to keep in abeyance their own followers has been disturbed beyond recovery. "Generals" and politicians do not see in Calles the man indispensable to maintain the radical domination, as they did in Obregon. On the other hand, the revolutionary elements, including the army, do not concede any of their leaders the right to boss all of them. Covetousness will do its work, although for the time being, fear of a change in Washington's policy may operate as it did in 1920.

The Communist domination in Mexico has come to a crisis. Calles will eventually be eliminated, either in the ruthless traditional way or by exile. Then the remaining chieftains will struggle for supremacy as in 1914. It will be a cycle, provided conditions are similar; and they will be so until the Government of the United States ceases its efforts to solve the Mexican problem by interference and realizes that it can be solved only by the unhampered will of the Mexicans themselves.

To sum up: In spite of all the eulogies of the press in the United States upon the happy solution of the Mexican problem, the radical movement goes on. The campaign against the Catholic Church has ceased to be news, but it still continues. The decision of the Court and the amendment of the by-laws and regulations in no way affect the provisions of the new Constitution or the interpretations which the radical Administration can place upon them. It is as confiscatory today as it was in 1917 and the rights of foreigners are just as insecure.

Next week the writer will conclude his series of articles with a study of the effects of the Mexican policy of the United States throughout Latin America.

Underwood

THE MEXICAN CONGRESS WELCOMING COL. LINDBERGH AFTER HIS GREAT FLIGHT TO MEXICO CITY

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Publicist or Politician?

A Portrait of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

During the fall and winter The Outlook will continue to publish interpretative portraits of the men and women who in varying degrees and in various ways mould American public opinion. The list already includes such oddly assorted figures as Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Dorothy Dix, Bishop James Cannon, Jr. and Hearst. Dr. Butler is eligible for a number of reasons; as president of a university that ministers this year to 44,000 growing minds, as recipient each week of from 800 to 1,000 advice-seeking letters, but chiefly perhaps as the most outspoken Republican foe of prohibition.

SOON after Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University had "quickly, publicly and completely" dissociated himself from Mr. Herbert Hoover's views on prohibition and national defense, and had been editorially proclaimed a Martin Luther of Republicanism, the celebrated J. N. Darling, familiarly known as "Ding," had an idea for a cartoon. This, as duly published in the New York "Herald-Tribune" and distributed by the syndicate of that journal, portrayed a gloomy, corpulent Dr. Butler crowded into a packing case. A jovial figure labeled Hoover was driving a final nail into the top of the box and attaching a tag bearing the words, "With love and kisses from your old playmate, G. O. P." The time-honored Republican elephant was seen addressing the crate, with its imposing contents, to the Democratic Party.

In general, no doubt, Mr. Darling has been accurately presenting the developments of the campaign; even has been striking mighty blows for the candidate his employers favor. But on this occasion he was muddled if he really believed that the Republican Party faced cheerfully the possibility that Dr. Butler might throw his support to Al Smith. Politicians do not take lightly, whatever they may say for publication, the defection of any person who can leap to the front pages with the agility Dr. Butler has exhibited for so long. They know that when the President of Columbia speaks he is heard throughout the land. It may be true that he no longer has organized political support, but his mail is enormous. And while John J. Raskob, the Democratic National Chairman, was audibly wondering "how we can get Dr. Butler into our party," the Republican leaders were also wondering, if less publicly, how he could be held in line. There were statements and counter-statements, denials and counter-denials. The newspaper men swarmed uptown to ask Dr. Butler whether this meant that he would campaign for Smith.

"I cannot answer that question now," he replied. "It is too early for that. We shall see. What I have said, I believe."

He would wait, Dr. Butler added, for Smith's acceptance speech and when this came he said that the address was "a statesmanlike document, well phrased and admirably expressed." The Governor's treatment of the prohibition question had been "frank, constructive and forward-looking." So the panic of the Republican leaders increased—to fade only gradually as day after day passed and nothing more came from Dr. Butler. Then, one joyous afternoon, he visited the New York City G. O. P. headquarters and word was given out that he would support the ticket. Even then, a fact ignored in news columns flavored with Republicanism, Dr. Butler denied that he had authorized any such statement and reiterated that he would "maintain a silence that can be heard."

Though he remains silent until Election Day—though nothing is heard on Morningside Heights save the shuffling footsteps of 30,000 students—there is, I contend, no real basis for the terror that still grips, if less firmly, the Republican Party. Dr. Butler will not bolt. He may be an ardent wet, but he will not cast his ballot for Smith and modification. He may feel that Hoover's attitude toward national defense is that of a jingo, but he will not even advise the 800 to 1,000 letter-writers who seek his counsel weekly to vote for Smith and Robinson. Dr. Butler will remain in the party and will be found four years from now at the Republican National Convention, again wearing the gay badge of a delegate and again proud that he has attended more of these quadrennial jollifications than any other man alive.

In predicting that Columbia's President will continue, as in the past, strictly regular, I speak wholly without authorization from him. In response to a request for amplification, he said that he had "no desire to add anything or to subtract anything" from the statement in August in which he berated two outstanding Hoover policies. In preparing to write this article, however, I chanced to come across an address which he made a great many years ago. In it he outlined his beliefs regarding party regularity and set forth his conviction that a citizen is handicapped in making constructive suggestions unless he is formally a member of his organization. I quote from that address, using italics for emphasis:

> ". . . . the upright and conscientious citizen will at times be forced to separate himself from his party associates because of his objections to some party policy or to some party representative.
>
> "But I hold that this ought to be an *unusual and abnormal act* and never undertaken without due regard for a sense of proportion and after careful weighing of the probable influence of the act upon *remote, as well as upon immediate, ends.* It is frequently good judgment in politics to bear those ills we have rather than fly to others we know not of."

The quotation happens to be from a speech made at Ann Arbor in June of 1899 and it might, therefore, be dismissed as ancient history. After diligent and careful inquiry among Dr. Butler's friends I am in a position to state, however, that the significant passages reflect with entire accuracy the views he holds today. In other words, the time has not yet come for complete independence. It is necessary to gaze far into the future and interpret a revolt with respect to "remote as well as immediate ends." Per-

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haps the time will never come at all, just as it has never come for Borah of Idaho or for the venerable Elihu Root, who yearns for the election of Hoover although sharing the views of Dr. Butler and Governor Smith on the iniquities of prohibition.

But Borah, Root and the rest have avowedly spent most of their years in politics. Seeking office or power under the emblem of their party, these men have been aware, as every Republican or Democrat is aware, that to bolt is to commit political suicide. Nicholas Murray Butler, however, chose years ago to labor in another vineyard. He selected, as he phrases it, "the sphere of liberty" where man is not handicapped by political expediency. It was while he was still an undergraduate at Columbia College in the early '80's that he made this decision. He had been pondering his future and had confided to President Barnard that he intended to study law and then, if the opportunity arose, go into public life.

"Don't do that," urged President Barnard. "Any one can go into politics. Interest yourself in education as a subject. It is a new field. Your influence will be far greater."

This did not mean, obviously, mere teaching. It meant that wider field of influencing public opinion on all those things which are really vital. Dr. Butler is confident that he has followed the advice. He lists himself in "Who's Who" (the order is not without meaning) as "publicist and university president." Sometimes he forgets that in 1888 he became a delegate to the Republican National Convention, that he has been a delegate ever since and that he has thus placed serious limitations on his sphere of liberty.

YET it would be wrong to conclude that Dr. Butler is merely a politician and that he dreams, as he did in 1920 at Chicago, that the White House may still be the climax of his distinguished career. The key to Dr. Butler is more elusive than that. I do not think, for instance, that he will accept any nomination from the G. O. P. as long as the party defends prohibition. I do not even think that he is much interested in whether the party wins or loses in November and I am fairly certain that, in his heart, he is more than pessimistic regarding its future. His friends tell me that he has privately expressed the opinion that victory under the present leadership will mean swift death; for the party is following and upholding false gods. Is Dr. Butler a politician or a publicist; that is, a man deeply interested in politics, anxious to influence it, but expecting nothing in the shape of offices or honors? The only logical conclusion, I think, is that he is a little of each. I am not at all certain that he knows, himself, which side of his personality dominates.

"I have had the offer of every nomination worth having—at home and abroad," he said in an interview two years ago. "Between office-holding and the university I long ago made my choice."

Long ago? Dr. Butler had forgotten that he had actively sought the Republican Presidential nomination in 1920.

WHATEVER the answer to these perplexities, there can be no doubt that the President of Columbia has become increasingly a moulder of public opinion. Few men are so deluged with invitations to speak. His mail grows larger month by month and one marvels that some newspaper has not asked him to run a question and answer column, after the manner of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, on political and governmental subjects. Today Dr. Butler is known as "a leading liberal," a classification that is none too clear. Only a few years ago, however, he was being damned for an ultra-conservative. Teacher after teacher was leaving Columbia (voluntarily or by request) proclaiming Dr. Butler a petty czar who tolerated no opinions save his own. But now all is different. Most men who have passed their sixtieth year change, if at all, for the worse. Dr. Butler has changed, and for the better. He seems to grow mellow with the years or, as the New York "World" said of him recently, he has become younger "and burns with a brighter flame."

THE stages by which he reached this felicitous position are not without interest. They may even explain why, after his exciting message on the morning of August 20, Dr. Butler held back and disappointed the thousands who felt that a new leader had arisen. His life can be roughly divided into three periods, all of them overlapping to a certain extent. At first, serving his novitiate in the broad field of education, he was a teacher of philosophy. Then he became an administrator and finally a university president with a consuming interest in public affairs. But at one time or another the traits, prejudices and viewpoint of the politician gained mastery over teacher, administrator and university president. It was chance, not free-will, which kept Butler at Columbia University.

He was born in Elizabeth, N. J., in 1862, attended a public high school and grew up in a Republican atmosphere. His father was a loyal member of that party, and on at least one occasion was a delegate to a national convention. The son, who early showed gifts as a scholar, matriculated at Columbia University when not quite seventeen years old, and assisted in paying his way by contributing campus news to the New York "Tribune." Although he thus had a taste of journalism, he never contemplated making it his life work; a happy circumstance since he now believes that newspapers have fallen into lamentable decay. Butler chose the field of education, just before he turned twenty-one. He studied philosophy in Berlin and Paris and returned to take his doctorate at Columbia in 1884. He was given a post as an assistant in philosophy at the university and in 1890 was promoted to a professorship. That same year, at the amazingly youthful age of twenty-nine, he was made Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy and was well on the road to the international renown he now enjoys. In 1901 he became acting president of Columbia University and a year later, by unanimous vote of the trustees, he ascended to the presidency.

So much for the bare outlines. During this period Dr. Butler did not neglect his duties as publicist. His father was a delegate to the 1884 Republican Convention and in order to attend Butler was glad to serve as correspondent for the "Tribune." He sent back side-lights on the mighty figures of that day: Roscoe Conkling, Chauncey M. Depew, Mark Hanna and others. He may, perhaps, have sent a few notes regarding a youth named Theodore Roosevelt, who wore glasses, spoke with a Harvard accent and was widely scorned as a dude. That Dr. Butler was deeply impressed by this gathering is indicated by his belief, since expressed, that it was the ablest body of men brought together in America since the Constitutional Convention.

For several years—he was still a resident of New Jersey—Dr. Butler served as president of the New Jersey

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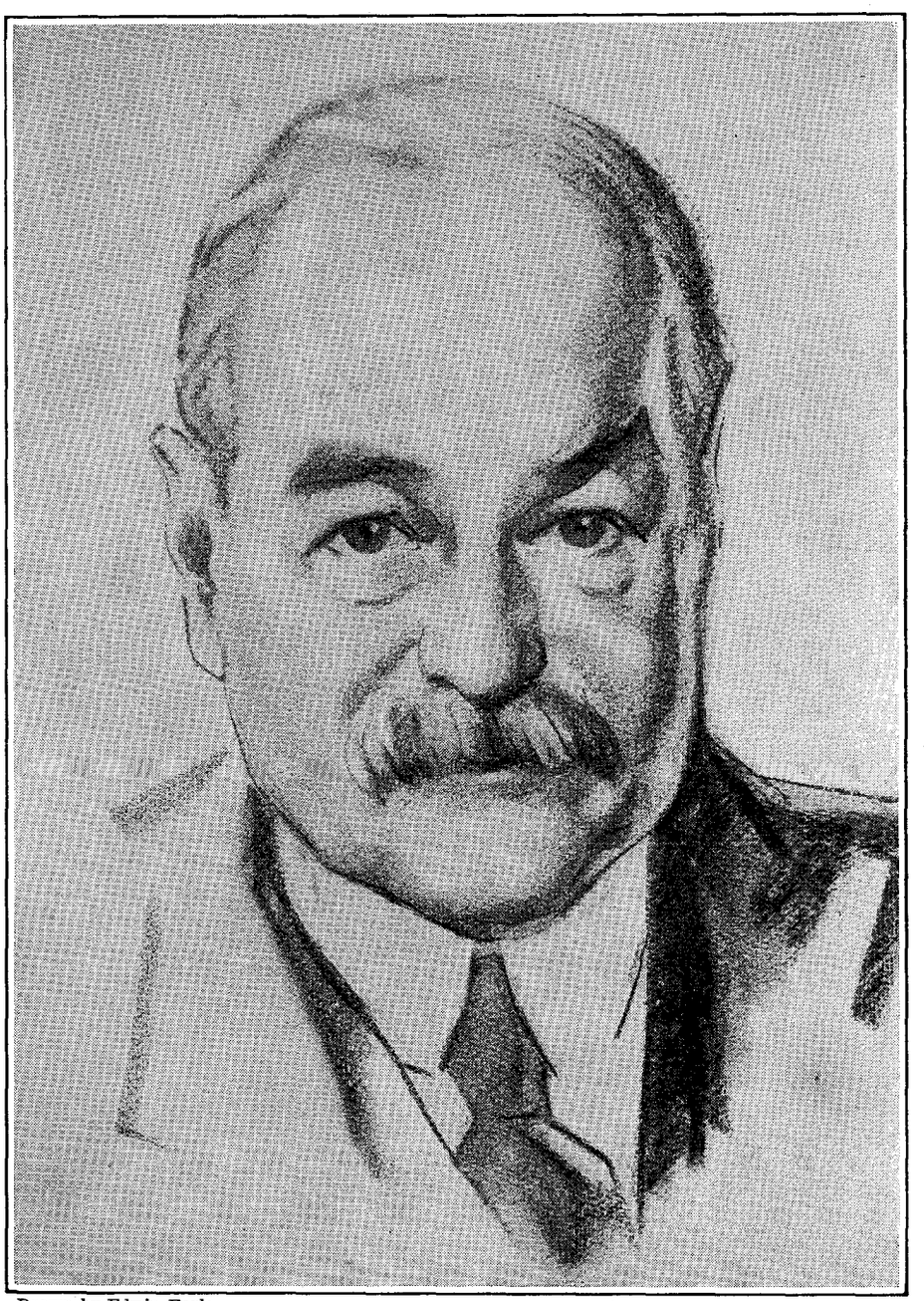
State Board of Education. He was active in public education in New York City and took a keen interest in politics. He was laboring, it must be clear, in "the sphere of liberty" and sought no office for himself. He made frequent addresses on educational and governmental themes and was a frequent contributor to the more serious journals of opinion. In 1898 he received his first honorary degree, an LL.D., from Syracuse University. Since then, according to the latest tabulation, he has been made a Doctor of Laws by sixteen other universities and holds, in all, thirty honorary degrees from institutions in all parts of the world. Nor is this all. In 1906 the French Government declared him Officier de la Legion d'Honneur and this started a barrage of decorations. No shirt front, were it ever so broad, could possibly display all of the ribbons and medals Dr. Butler is entitled to wear.

In 1902, when he was inaugurated with impressive flourishes as President of Columbia, Dr. Butler was an oldish-young man of forty-one; already a little heavy and with his hair somewhat thin in front. He parted it very carefully in the centre, wore his clothes well and had drooping black mustaches of the type displayed in advertisements for mustache-cups. He was already a first citizen of his country. He had known, "more intimately rather than less," as he phrased it, Presidents Harrison, Cleveland and McKinley. The youthful Roosevelt whom he had watched at the 1884 Convention had become a close friend and attended, as President of the United States, the Butler inaugural on Morningside Heights. Following his pleasant experiences as a correspondent in 1884, Dr. Butler had traveled to the 1888 convention as a delegate and gradually, as he continued to attend every four years, his political influence increased. By 1899, we have seen, he was expressing his devotion to party loyalty and was dubious of the wisdom of bolting. He felt free, however, to express his opinions "within the party" and he could not endure Roosevelt's growing impetuousness. Consequently, in 1912, he went to Chicago to battle against the Bull Moose threat and to assist in the nomination of Taft. Thus identified with the conservative wing, he won favor from the bosses whom Roosevelt had defied and in September William Barnes, the New York leader, offered him the nomination for Governor. Dr. Butler declined, saying that it was well known that he sought no public office. Yet a few weeks later when James L. Sherman, the Taft running-mate, died he consented to run in his place. They received in that disastrous campaign the electoral votes of but Utah and Vermont, and now, one suspects, even Dr. Butler has forgotten that he once was a candidate for Vice-President of the United States. Certainly it has faded from the memory of nearly every one else.

So the years passed and Nicholas Murray Butler, who had started as a teacher, became an American institution. The volumes in which were pasted his press clippings doubled and redoubled. Hardly a summer passed but that he set sail for Europe and the ship news reporters in New York harbor grew accustomed to interviewing him when he returned. He always had something to say and invariably it was worth printing, for the laborer in the sphere of liberty had come to know most of the great figures of his day. He had visited the German Kaiser while the threat of a World War was still the mad warning of a few men close to the chancellories of Europe. Every Prime Minister of England has been his friend and in the summer of 1908, in a little

(Please turn to page 989)



Drawn by Edwin Earle

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

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The World This Week

Prophet Taft

In June, 1918, an advocate of national prohibition asked William Howard Taft what he thought about the then proposed 18th Amendment. Mr. Taft was then merely Professor Taft of Yale; unrestrained by judicial conventions, he replied:

"I am opposed to national prohibition. I am opposed to it because I think it is a mixing of the national government in a matter that should be one of local settlement. I think sumptuary laws are matters for parochial adjustment. I think it will vest in the national government and those who administer it, so great a power as to be dangerous in political matters.

"I am opposed to the presence of laws on the statute books that cannot be enforced and as such demoralize the enforcement of all laws. . . . I think it most unwise to fasten upon the United States a prohibitory system under the excitement of the war, which I do not hesitate to say every sensible supporter of prohibition in the end will regret.

"A national prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution will be adopted against the views and practices of a majority of the people in many of the large cities and in one-fourth or less of the states. The business of manufacturing alcohol, liquor and beer will go out of the hands of the law-abiding members of the community and will be transferred to the quasi-criminal class. . . . After the law-abiding members of the business go out of the business and a complete readjustment follows, the pressure for violation and lax execution in communities where the law is not popular, will be constant and increasing.

"The reaching out of the great central power to brush the doorsteps of local communities, far removed geographically and politically from Washington, will be irritating in such states and communities and will be a strain upon the bond of the national union. It will produce variations in the enforcement of the law. There will be loose administration in spots all over the United States and a politically inclined national administration will be strongly tempted to acquiesce in such a condition.

"Elections will continuously turn on the rigid or languid execution of the liquor law, as they do now in prohibition states. The ever-present issue will confuse and prevent clear and clean-cut decisions on the most important national questions, and the policies of the nation will be demoralized as the politics of states have been through this cause. The issue will never be settled.

"The theory that the national government can enforce any law will yield to the stubborn circumstances, and a Federal law will become as much a subject of contempt and ridicule in some parts of the nation as laws of this kind have been in some of the states.

"We are acting now under the heroic impulse of a war, which stirs our feelings and makes us think we can have a millenium of virtue and self-sacrifice for the future. This is a fundamental error. I profoundly deprecate having our constitutional structure seriously amended by a feverish enthusiasm which will abate to neglect and laxity in many states as the years go on. If through the abnormal psychology of the war the thirty-six states are induced to approve a national prohibition amendment now, we can never change it, though a great majority of the people may come later to see its utter failure. Thirteen prohibition states can always be counted on to prevent a retracting of the foolish step. We shall thus hang a permanent millstone around our necks.

"Individual self-restraint, the influence of improved social standards and criticism, and the restrictions enforced by employers of labor for industrial reasons, have probably had more to do with moderating the evils of intoxication than statute law. I would not minimize, however, the advantage of the removal of the temptation of access to liquor by law when the law is backed by local public opinion and can be enforced. . . .

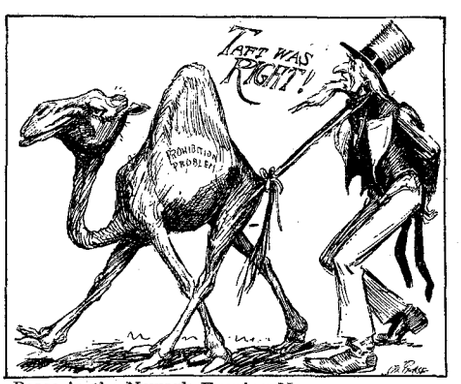
"I have never concealed my views on this subject and it is a matter in which one should speak out. An intensely active minority in favor of adopting an unwise policy may win through the failure of the members of the majority, though opposed to the policy, publicly to declare themselves and to take the trouble to give effect to their opinions by their votes.

"A minority like this, conceiving that it is moved by a moral issue, loses its sense of proportion and sacrifices other issues, no matter how vital to the nation. Such minority visits with its condign punishment all public servants who oppose it in this issue, however useful to the state they may be.

"I would not impeach the high-minded motives of the great body of those who support national prohibition. It does awaken one's protest, however, to note the manner in which the ordinary type of politician becomes a prohibitionist, because he fears the balance of power that an active political minority may wield against his political fortunes. In the past he may have been subservient to the liquor dealers, in the present his practices may completely refute the sincerity of the principles he advocated, but he, and men of his ilk, would recklessly and selfishly hurry us into an irretrievable national blunder.

"The regulation of the sale and use of intoxicating liquor should be retained by the states. They can experiment and improve. They have full power, and the Federal Government has helped them, by making it a Federal offense to import liquor into their borders, if they forbid it. If the power of regulation is irrevocably committed to the general government the next generation will live deeply to regret it.

"For these reasons, therefore, first because a national liquor law in many communities will prove unenforceable



Pease in the Newark Evening News

"WE SHALL HANG A PERMANENT MILLSTONE AROUND OUR NECKS" (Taft, 1918)

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Jensen in the Chicago Daily News
HE DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS SO SICK

for lack of public sympathy; second, because attempted enforcement will require an enormous force of Federal policemen and detectives, giving undue power to a sinister and partisan subordinate of the national administration; and third, because it means an unwise structural change in the relations between the people of the states and the central government, and a strain to the integrity of the Union, I am opposed to a national prohibition amendment."

The foregoing paragraphs contain the essence of two letters which were first published in the New Haven "Journal-Courier." More recently they appeared in the alert New York "World." Plainly, Chief Justice Taft is a prophet and a seer.

▶▶*State Tickets in New York*

By the nomination of Franklin Delano Roosevelt for Governor the Democratic Party of New York State has unquestionably brought reenforcements to the Democratic National cause. Perhaps this ought not to be. Perhaps, as Governor Smith has urged, State elections should have no bearing on National elections; but the fact is they do. Not only will Mr. Roosevelt's personal popularity help his party, but his anti-Tammany record will lessen the effectiveness of opposition to Governor Smith for his Tammany affiliations.

Mr. Roosevelt has a National reputation, first established when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President Wilson. Like his distant cousin, President Roosevelt, he made a record in that subordinate office that eclipsed that of his immediate superior. Later he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency but was defeated in the Harding landslide. He has long been an admirer and friend of Governor Smith's. If elected to the Governorship he will have to give up much of the treatment of the lameness caused a few years ago by infantile paralysis. Of his physical fitness to serve in the office the voters may be assured.

His Republican opponent, Albert Ottinger, has made a fine record as Attorney-General of the State. He has been particularly vigorous in prosecuting loan sharks and other swindlers and extortionists. He was the only one on the Republican State ticket two years ago to be elected, and undoubtedly one reason for his nomination was his record as a vote-getter. The chief counts brought against him by his opponents are that in his younger days he was a pronounced anti-Progressive and that he has been in favor of private rather than public development of water power sites.

To oppose the reelection of Dr. Royal S. Copeland as United States Senator the Republicans of New York have made a selection in accord with the highest traditions of the office. They have named the present Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. When the United States resumed diplomatic relations with Germany, President Coolidge appointed as Ambassador to Germany Alanson B. Houghton. He had studied in Germany and had served for two terms in Congress. He had been a successful business man. Like Franklin Roosevelt he is a graduate of Harvard. His presence on the Republican State ticket should and probably will bring reenforcements to the Republican cause.

▶▶*Hoover Repudiates*

A reminder of the Reverend Mr. Burchard's famous phrase, "rum, Romanism, and rebellion," to which was attributed Blaine's defeat in the close election of 1884, has appeared in a form letter sent out in Virginia. This letter bore the stamped signature of Mrs. Willie W. Caldwell and was on the official stationery of the Republican National Committee. It contained this sentence: "We must save the United States from being Romanized and rum-ridden."

Mr. Hoover did what Blaine failed to do—he repudiated this form of appeal.

"Whether this letter is authentic or a forgery," Mr. Hoover declares in his statement of repudiation, "it does violence to every instinct that I possess. I resent and repudiate it.

"Such an attitude is opposed to every principle of the Republican Party. I made my position clear in my acceptance speech when I said:

" 'In this land, dedicated to tolerance, we still find outbreaks of intolerance. I come of Quaker stock. My ancestors were persecuted for their beliefs. Here they sought and found religious freedom. By blood and conviction I stand for religious tolerance both in act and spirit. The glory of our American ideals is the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.'

"I meant that then, and I mean it now."

After further reflection Mr. Hoover decided to strengthen his disavowal of Mrs. Caldwell's tactics.

"I cannot fully express my indignation at any such circulars," he said. "Nor can I reiterate too strongly that religious questions have no part in the campaign. I have repeatedly stated that neither I nor the Republican Party want support on that basis. There are important and vital reasons for the return of the Republican Administration, but that is not one of them."

This, it is stated, is Mr. Hoover's final word on bigotry and allied subjects, such as Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

▶▶*Germany and the War Debts*

The idea of collecting as much from Germany in reparations as it may be necessary to pay the United States in war debts has been officially sponsored

Clive Weed in the New York Evening World.
HELL-BROTH!

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by Premier Poincaré of France. In a speech at the unveiling of a monument to war dead in the village of Chambéry, he announced this policy, and added that France must also have a fair allowance for reconstruction.

The principle of matching collections against payments to the United States was first put forth by Lord Balfour at the time of the British war debt agreement with the United States. Its obvious intent is to shift the blame for post-war financial settlements to America.

First, Secretary Mellon of the Treasury Department, and after him President Coolidge, have taken occasion at once to reemphasize their contention that the questions of war damages and war debts must be kept separate, and said that the United States will not take part in discussions designed to make reparations readjustment depend upon reduction in debts owed to the United States.

President Coolidge indicated that he considered the incident closed. Premier Poincaré expressed amazement at this news, and said that he thought his remarks must have been misinterpreted. And there the matter rests, just where it was.

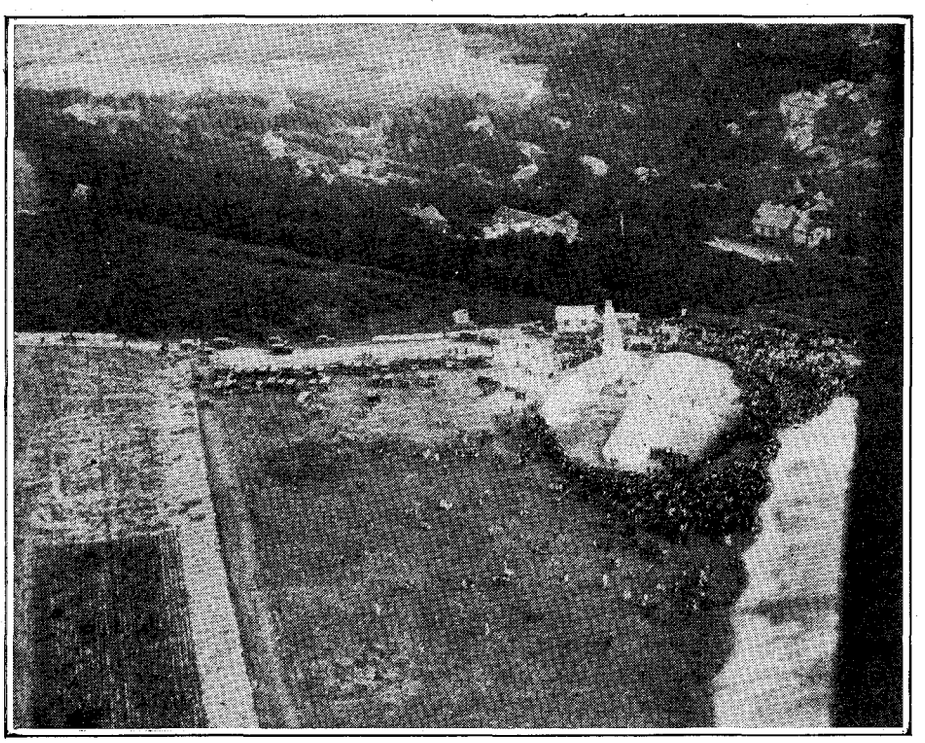
▶▶*First to Fly*

THERE never has been any doubt that the American people feel strongly that the Wright airplane, first in history to make a man-carrying flight at Kitty Hawk in 1903, should be preserved with high honor and full recognition. The Smithsonian Institution would be an ideal place for it, but if it is impossible to have it there because Mr. Orville Wright and the authorities of the Smithsonian cannot agree, then some other American museum should possess it. Emphatically the South Kensington Museum in London, *where it now is,* is not its appropriate place.

The unfortunate controversy as to the just and fair way to label the Wright pioneer plane and the refitted Langley plane has again come up for discussion. Dr. Abbot, the present Secretary of the Smithsonian, has made new overtures and proposals to Mr. Wright. The label on the Langley airplane, which has been changed three times to meet criticism, now reads: "Langley Aerodrome, the original Samuel Pierpont Langley flying machine of 1903 restored." Dr. Abbot says that the Institution has always admitted that the Wrights were the first to fly and expresses regret for errors which were made in labelling the Langley plane, and particularly the inclusion of the "opinion of many" that the Langley plane was "the first heavier-than-air craft in the history of the world capable of free sustained flight under its own power carrying a man." Dr. Abbot also concedes that it "lacked of consideration" for the Institution to put the test of the Langley plane into the hands of Mr. Curtiss, the business opponent of the Wrights.

But Orville Wright will have none of the concessions. He calls the statement "an attempted justification of reprehensible conduct of the Institution."

Thus the matter stands. But in Mr. Wright's reply to Dr. Abbot he hints at an open road settlement when he says that an investigation by disinterested parties is necessary to clear up the matter. Such an investigation should certainly take place; the next Congress should appoint a commission of fair-minded men of scientific attainments to render a report, and the two parties to the controversy should agree to abide by their decision.



Wide World

THE "WHITE BIRD" IMMORTALIZED

An Aerial View of the Dedication of the Nungesser-Coli Monument at Etretat, France Where the Two Aviators Were Last Seen.

▶▶*Not Yet Foolproof*

NOW THAT the new Handley Page automatic slot for preventing the stalling of airplanes that so frequently results in the fateful nose dive has come into use among aviators warnings are being issued against its foolish use. The slot has made the airplane almost fool proof but not quite so. So reckless have some aviators become with planes thus equipped that the British Air Ministry has been forced to order planes to be flown exactly as if they were normal aircraft, the safety slots being regarded purely as a reserve.

The action of the newly invented slots has been described previously in these columns. They form only a small addition to the forward or "leading" part of an airplane's wing and they bring about a certain change in the floor of air currents past the wing which prevents stalling unless they are pushed beyond all reason. More exactly they do not prevent stalling but they preserve the lateral stability of the plane and hence the control when by accident or carelessness it has been brought to a stall; and unless the plane is too near the earth it is now possible for the aviator to work himself out of what has until the present year been a very serious predicament. All this is bringing nearer the time when our 4,134 civilian owned airplanes will be more like 4,134,000.

▶▶*Ambulance Chasers Again*

FOR some months now the ambulance chasing lawyers who follow the chase

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in New York and environs have themselves been quite persistently pursued by local bar associations. The latest attempt to run them to earth and stop the holes is a series of recommendations for regulating the whole conduct of personal injury cases; the suggestions being the fruit of an investigation which, as a by product, has named seventy-four lawyers for disciplinary action.

The recommendations have been presented to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. Some of the more important follow:

The maximum contingent fee to be reduced from fifty to thirty-three and one-third per cent. The principle of the contingent fee is not attacked; to prohibit it, it is argued, might deny justice to poor clients with meritorious causes of action.

All retainer arrangements between clients and counsel in personal injury cases to be put under control of the courts, with the client present when the attorney applies to have his compensation fixed.

Lawyers to be required to pay within ten days of recovery any moneys collected for clients, or else put the sum to the client's credit with the city chamberlain.

Statements obtained from accident victims in hospitals or within fifteen days after injury to be regarded as void, unless permission of a court has been obtained.

A recommendation of a broader nature was that perjury be reduced from a felony to a misdemeanor; this, it was said, would make convictions easier to obtain.

Disciplinary action is proposed also for adjustors for insurance companies, transportation companies and other corporate defendants who race with the ambulance chaser to the victim's bedside and often are equally guilty of unethical practices.

▶▶A Popular Uprising

WHILE in recent years professional baseball has had to compete for favor as the national game with football and golf, it has none the less burgeoned annually into a popular uprising of sorts. This is the World's Series, which while something of a misnomer, means a lot to quite a few million people. Among certain ranks of people there is a blind faith in the fundamental honesty of this game that survives all sorts of scandals, including the Albany Pool, a vast betting organization that is now under fire. Your true baseball follower has changed somewhat in late years. He no longer cares for "inside stuff," the famous defense, for instance, of Tinker and Evers and Chance; he must have free, hard hitting. It takes the Ruths, the Gehrigs, the Hornsbys, and such, to bring the customers jamming through the turnstiles.

For some years, now, Mr. Jacob Ruppert's Yankees have attended to the task of winning the pennant in their own league, the American, thereafter gathering in the World's Series. This year the Yankees are again fighting it out with the Cardinals, the St. Louis team that is this time without the services of the mighty Hornsby. At this writing the series looks like a rout for St. Louis, for the Yankees, although carrrying a few slightly crippled young men have battered their way through to three straight victories. The old-timer will shed a tear or so of regret for the brave days when the defensive work in the infield was a delight to the eye, but Messrs. Ruth and Gehrig have already obliged the younger generation with terrific hitting, and all is well. What this generation must have is "color and speed" as one of the managers recently put it. So the outfielders back up to the fences, and nobody is thrown out at the plate any more without relaying the ball, and seldom even with that aid.

There were giants in the long ago—household names such as Delehanty, Wagner, Rusie, and there are certainly giants in these times on the diamond, and the old discussion as to which was the better man, like most discussions of the type, will never end. The World's Series has ceased to be a mere sport, with its tremendous gate receipts, and has become Big Business. There are those who will sigh for the more homelike setting of the old Temple Cup series, perhaps, but the game and its surroundings have grown with the times.

▶▶A Battle on the Border

THE BORDER South, with Tennessee as the center of it, is having a thrill, as new to the voters of the present time as it would have been to their fathers. That section is, for the first time in two full generations, a genuine political battleground. True, it has been only eight years since Tennessee went Republican in a Presidential election, but it required no pushing because there was a landslide. The Republicans got

Underwood

THE LARGEST BASEBALL CROWD IN HISTORY
Gathered at the Yankee Stadium in New York for the first game of the World's Series

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it without seriously fighting for it. A genuine political battle, victory swaying first to this and then to that side, is something that Tennessee has not known since it voted on the losing side against its own son, James K. Polk, in 1844.

Senator Borah went to Tennessee preaching the doctrine that this is a dry country and should have a dry President, that it is a Protestant country and should have a Protestant President. Colonel Roosevelt came on Senator Borah's heels, mentioning neither prohibition nor religion, but preaching the doctrine that this is a prosperous country and should continue to have a prosperity-making President. The Democrats , hard put to it for the first time and under the necessity of setting store by old traditions and old sentiments, went to Illinois for "Jim Ham" Lewis, the last lingering flower of the field of florid oratory, to charm the ladies away from Hoover.

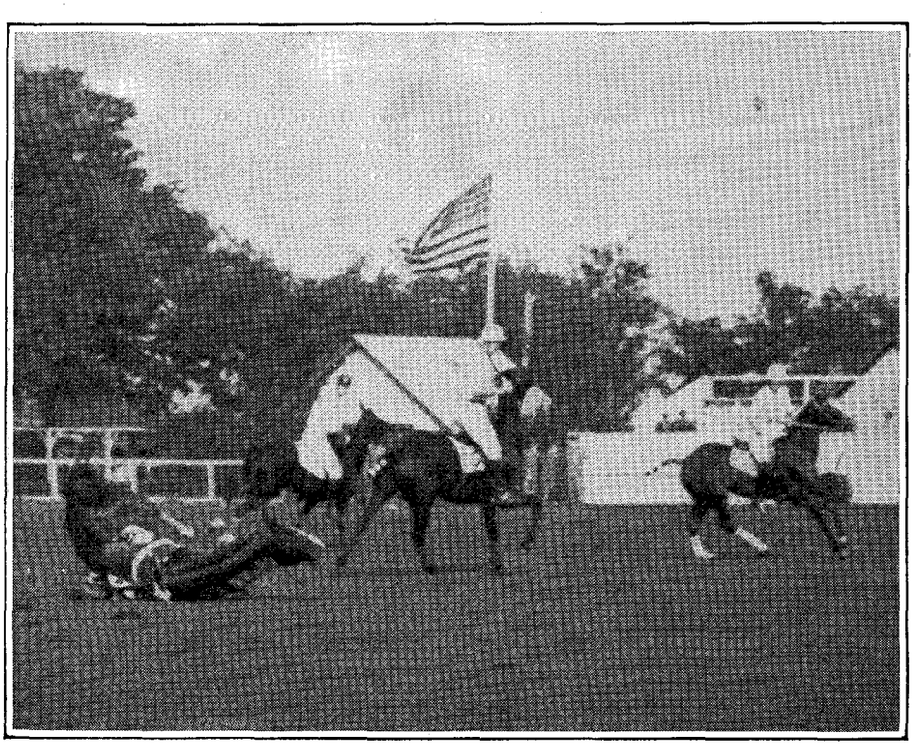
Political battles on a new terrain are interesting to those non-combatants who can sit on a hilltop and watch.

▶▶*Powdered Coal*

About three years ago The Outlook told how power-plant engineers were using cheap coal ground up in powdered form and blown into the firebox beneath the steam boilers of large power stations by means of jets of air. This method has reached the stage where it is no longer uncommon and engineers are now applying it to steam locomotives and steamships. In Germany, especially, this method of fuelling locomotives makes appeal because that country possesses large reserves of cheap peat and lignite (brown coal), neither of which can be utilized to economic advantage in any of the usual ways.

The German "A. E. G." (General Electric Company) has made remarkably promising experiments, using powdered lignite. The lignite is pulverized and supplied to the locomotive before it starts out on the railroad and is fed to the fire by air jets. There is little real difference between this and fuelling a boiler with gas or vaporized oil; in fact, someone has called pulverized fuel "mechanical gas."

We possess immense reserves of lignite, particularly in the Dakotas. The Shipping Board vessel Mercer has been equipped to burn pulverized fuel and engineering people have watched the trials with keen interest. The fuel made good on several trans-Atlantic voyages of this craft and the British are now making similar successful tests on a liner of 12,000 tons. It would be rash to state that this kind of fuel will take the place of oil when oil becomes scarcer, but there are many analogies between the two forms of fuel and this may tend to happen. Our lignite supply far exceeds our oil supply.



A TENSE MOMENT
In the Second International Polo Match when Lewis Lacey of the Argentine team was pinned beneath his pony

▶▶*Science Gets a Famous Home*

"Down House," home of Charles Darwin, has at last been placed safely in the hands of science, having been purchased from Professor C. G. Darwin, grandson of the famous naturalist, and transferred to possession of the British Association for the Advancement of Science with a liberal endowment for upkeep. Thus the spot at which the most far-reaching or most pivotal event in the evolution of modern human thought took place, the preparation of "The Origin of Species" in 1859, becomes a shrine for all time. A year ago when President of the "British Association," Sir Arthur Keith, made public appeal for funds to rescue Darwin's home, which was then being used as a private school, Mr. George Buckston Browne, a British scientist, himself made the purchase possible.

Darwin's family consisted of his wife Emma Wedgwood, herself from a notably intellectual family, and ten children. Of these several are or were well known on their own account. Sir George Darwin became an authority on geophysics and the tides. Sir Frances was a distinguished botanist. Major Leonard Darwin, who did so much to further eugenics, is still alive, as is Sir Horace. Professor C. G. Darwin, son of Sir George, belongs to the third generation and was the owner of "Down House" until its recent bestowal on British and, for all practical purposes, international science. In the largest sense Darwin's home belongs to the world, but the world seldom does the practical things necessary to make such ownership possible.

▶▶*Japan and the Chinese Nationalists*

No one could wish the Chinese Nationalists better luck in their effort to unify the country than the Japanese, so Count Uchida, Privy Councillor and formerly Foreign Minister of Japan, has declared in Washington; and the view of Japan and the United States coincides "in upholding the principle of the open door and equal opportunity."

"Japan is not China's keeper. We can only watch patiently and wait for the emergence of a unified China . . . We are far from being hostile to the Nationalist movement."

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Japan's desire for peace in Manchuria, adjacent to Japanese territory, Count Uchida added, was more pronounced, and it was a matter of paramount importance "to contribute toward keeping this region safe and free from any serious disturbance." Hence the recent Japanese veto on the proposed union of Manchuria with Nationalist China. "Japan, however, has no design against China's sovereignty in Manchuria."

This is evidence that the negotiations of the Nationalists for an understanding with Japan are making the progress that has been reported. General Chang Chun, who recently talked with Premier Tanaka in Tokyo, has gone back to the Nationalist capital at Nanking, apparently with encouraging news regarding tariff autonomy. And in Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, the young dictator Chang Hsueh-liang has made a public statement in favor of union with China. He succeeded his mysteriously assassinated father in power, and is naturally subject to the influence of Japan, whose railway guards really control his territory. Further, he has made a declaration abandoning the policy of excluding foreign investments in Manchuria and inviting capital from abroad—particularly American capital—to aid in the development of Manchurian resources.

All this points to a modification of underlying policies in the Far East which means that the Chinese Nationalists are definitely making progress.

▶▶*A Warning to White Folks*

Il Duce is concerned for the white folks of the world. Only an increase in white babies will quiet him, it appears.

"Are the yellow and black races at our door, then?" he asks, and answers in the same breath:

"Yes, they are at our door, not only owing to their fecundity but also because they are becoming race conscious and feel they have a future in the world.

"While, for instance, the whites in the United States have a pitiable birth rate, which would be even lower except for the injections of races which are still prolific, like the Irish, Hebrews and Italians, the negroes are extremely prolific. Already they reach the imposing total of 14,000,000 souls, or one-sixth of the total population of the United States. There is a great quarter in New York called Harlem, populated exclusively by colored people. A grave riot in this quarter last July was with difficulty suppressed after a night of bloody conflicts between the police and solid masses of blacks."

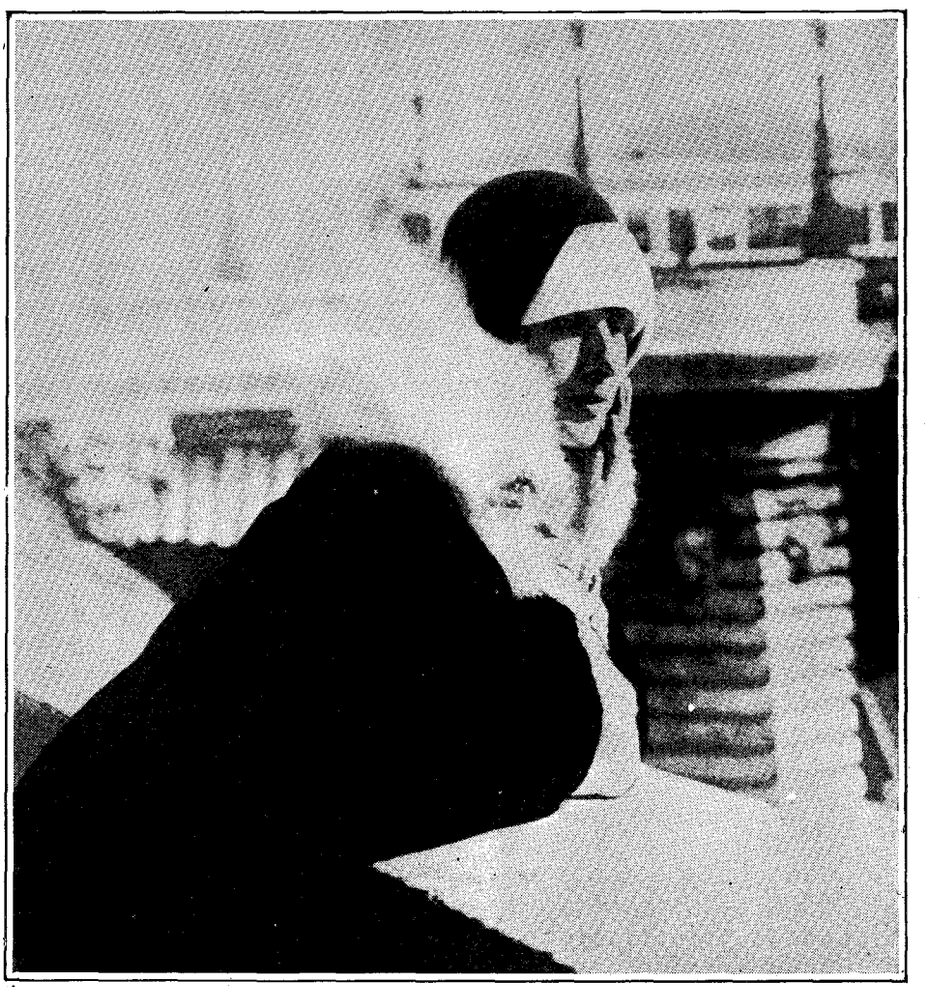
The rest of Il Duce's argument is on a par with the foregoing quotation. The motive for his outpourings of alarm is to be found, we suspect, in the following lines:

"In disciplined, enriched, cultivated Italy there is room for 10,000,000 more men. Sixty million Italians could make their weight felt in the history of the world."

▶▶*A Job For Baptists*

Politically minded Southern Baptists, of whom there are said to be several, have had their attention distracted, at least in a measure, from the Presidential campaign by a very pressing financial situation in their own organizations. The treasurer of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention managed to accumulate a shortage of practically a million dollars. The exact amount of defalcations so far discovered is $953,000. The building and loan fund suffered a loss of $200,000. Most of the remainder consisted of secretly placed notes which the church must meet or permit its name to go to protest. A drive is on to raise a million dollars quickly and thus to restore the financial standing and self respect of the denomination.

The money will, of course, be raised and that without serious difficulty. Equally of course, most of the men and women who will raise it are not ecclesiastical politicians but true devotees of Christian service. But this disaster, in which the Baptists of the South will have the sympathy of men and women everywhere, has its element of timely usefulness in that it tends to show that churches and dedicated servants of churches have always enough to do in keeping their own houses in



Acme

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON INSPECTS PARIS
The American Evangelist gazing at the Seine from the Pont Neuf

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order and in answering the cry of human need.

▶▶Conqueror of the Turks

A CORDIAL welcome met Field Marshall Viscount Allenby of Megiddo and Felixstowe on his arrival in America. His campaign in Palestine and occupation of Jerusalem was one of the most colorful and romantic features of the Great War. Its importance also is hard to overestimate, for it meant the downfall of the Turk as ruler in Palestine. As Lord Allenby said, not Jerusalem but the Turkish armies in the field was the real objective of his forces in 1917 and 1918. But the significance of the entry into Jerusalem, to the blended multitudes of Arabs, Jews and Christians who saw in it the beginning of religious and civil liberty, was remarkable. As Dr. N. M. Butler said in his address of welcome: "The Holy Land was rescued by you from disorder, from rapine, and from war's destruction, and in their place came sound and just civil administration, the building of roads and railways, the development of agriculture, the provision of water supply and the institution of the attributes of a modern and orderly civilized state." When Lord Allenby quietly and modestly walked into Jerusalem on foot the people knew that the era of arrogance and oppression was ended.

Lord Allenby is as good a peace man as he was a war leader. He believes the time is soon coming when nations will trust one another and not "go bull-headedly into battle" and that militancy must be checked if civilization is to endure.

▶▶Mexico's Provisional President

EMILIO PORTES GIL, who launched the candidacy of Plutarco Elias Calles for President of Mexico, is to succeed his chief in office for a provisional term of two years. The Mexican Congress chose him unanimously for the place left vacant by the assassination of President-elect Obregon, by a vote taken at a joint session of both Houses on September 25. He will serve from December 1 to February 5, 1930, when a new President to be elected next autumn will take charge for the remainder of the full term of six years. So passes the immediate crisis created by the death of Obregon.

The usual items of personal and political gossip have been reported about the new executive. He is thirty-seven years old, an early riser, takes Swedish exercises every morning, neither drinks nor smokes, has been Governor of the State of Tamaulipas for two terms, during which he opposed gambling and the liquor traffic, interested himself in child welfare, and accorded unusual freedom to the press. He has pledged himself to a policy of accessibility to correspondents in his term of office.

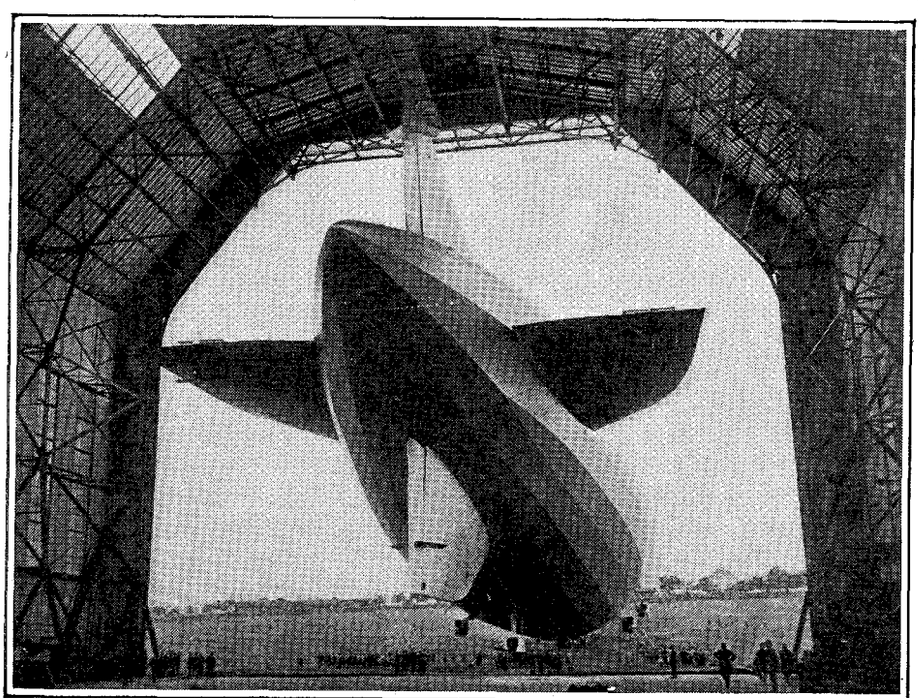
The real point, however, is that his election marks a victory for the Calles party, and assures to the new administration the adherence of the most influential army chiefs, who naturally are Calles supporters.

▶▶That Libelous Myth

THE ritual murder myth, recent instances of which in Europe were told in last week's Outlook has since appeared in the State of New York. When Governor Smith's attention was called to the fact he ordered prompt investigation and said: "I cannot believe that this libelous myth has been resurrected and credited even for a moment by any one connected with the service of the State or any of its civil divisions."

What happened was that in the village of Massena a little girl strayed away, and as it was just before the Jewish Day of Atonement some ignorant people persuaded the Mayor to send for the Jewish Rabbi on the theory that a "blood sacrifice" might have been committed. This was an insult to the Rabbi and to the Jews generally, as well as an exposure of degraded mentality on the part of whomever took part in the summons.

The child was soon found, but the incident called out a widespread expression of indignation far and wide. The survival of this particular superstition is one of the most singular illustrations of the persistence of race hatred.



Wide World

A TRANSATLANTIC AIR LINER

A rear view of the new German dirigible "Graf Zeppelin," soon to make its first flight to America

▶▶Power Site Licenses

ACCORDING to the annual report of the Federal Power Commission, application for water power licenses are falling off.

In the first year after the passing of the Federal Water Power Act, which went into effect in June, 1920, there were filed for hydro-electrical development 229 applications; in the last fiscal year there were only 87. Out of the 910 applications made in the past eight years, only 337 licenses and 57 permits were in effect on July 1st. Most of them are such projects as the erection of transmission lines. Apparently the difficulty of obtaining sites has somewhat discouraged the hydro-electric industry.

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Editorials

To A Self-Governing People

WHILE serving as temporary chairman of the Democratic State Convention in New York, William Church Osborn said of the evils that have accompanied prohibition:

"A very large share of these terrible crimes lies at the door of the national prohibition act, and upon the prohibitionists rests a large share of the responsibility. It is useless for them to say that if people would obey the law or if it were enforced all would be well. The wets might well reply that if all would drink in moderation all would be well. The burden of proposing a plan to cure the evils that have followed prohibition rests on those who are responsible for prohibition."

With Mr. Osborn's conclusion we do not agree. We should as soon put the burden on the saloon-keepers. Each of these factions has had a hand at the liquor problem and each has made a mess of it. The task should now pass to other hands. We suggest that it be taken over by that group of American citizens which still believes in self-government.

We recommend it to such citizens because the Eighteenth Amendment in its present form is a denial of the principle of self-government. The prohibition issue is as serious as that; and if we cannot decide what to do about it we had better give up the idea of self-government.

The basis of self-government rests on an assumption that the people as a whole are jealous of their rights and liberties. The purpose of the Constitution is, or was until 1919, to safeguard those rights. It is, or was until 1919, a frame and nothing but a frame of government; a delegation of powers here, a restriction there. It says to the several branches of the Government: "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." It enjoins not only the Government but the majority; thus, it says that the majority shall not put the minority in jail without a legal trial or force the minority of one section to pay a disproportionate amount of taxes.

It is a wise provision that the fundamental rights of the minority shall be protected in a Constitution that can be changed not merely by a majority but what amounts to the consent of the whole people. Any man or any woman may at any time become a member of a minority.

This provision, which touches every one of us, was violently attacked by inserting into the Constitution a legislative enactment prohibiting the sale, manufacture, and transportation of intoxicating beverages. The consequence is in effect the negation of the very purpose of the wise framers of the Constitution. This legislative amendment says in effect that the minority must forever bow to the legislative will of the majority—even when that majority itself becomes a minority. The analysis of The Outlook's prohibition poll showed strikingly that many who had believed in national prohibition have become disbelievers; that process can continue until the disbelievers in prohibition become a great majority—still there is the majority will of 1919 embedded in the Constitution! Such was the tragic folly of introducing legislation, which should be written in sand, among a body of principles carved in virtually immovable granite.

We did it, as Chief Justice Taft points out on another page of this issue, "under the heroic impulse of a war, which stirs our feelings and makes us think we can have a millennium of virtue and self-sacrifice for the future." We are too much inclined, as a people, to think that wrongs can be permanently righted by adopting a resolution. So, intent on making the world safe for a number of things, we forgot our rights, our future rights. We adopted prohibition as a social reform but forgot that prohibition itself is not a fundamental right. Many great reforms are not fundamental rights, but social experiments subject to constant revision and sometimes to failure. When we arrive at better ways of regulating the sale of liquor they will not be fundamental rights; they will be experiments in legislation, subject to majority control.

We propose, therefore, that the Eighteenth Amendment be amended to this extent—that what is legislative be taken out and what belongs to the frame of government be preserved. The revised Amendment should merely delegate to Congress the power to legislate on the control or abolition of the liquor traffic for the nation.

This would enable Congress to maintain the Volstead Act if a majority wanted it. When that majority changed, the law could be changed. Congress could provide for dispensaries in those States that wanted them; if they did not work it could provide other means. Such States as wanted to try their own experiments would have the opportunity to persuade Congress to that end. If their experiments proved a menace to other States, Congress would have the authority to discontinue them. Those who felt that their rights were denied would then have a chance to appeal to the ballot.

Congress could still outlaw the saloon everywhere and could legislate for the complete control of interstate liquor shipments. Governor Smith's plan could be tried out, but it would, as it should, remain an experiment subject to revision or abandonment. Mr. Hoover's fact-finding investigation would be practicable at any time and the findings could be adopted without restraint. National will and local desires could be harmonized. In brief, whatever good that has been achieved by prohibition could be preserved, whatever has been found defective could be remedied.

The objective, which amounts to restoring our violated Constitution to its original form, will not soon be reached. We have no illusions on that score. This real nature of the prohibition question has not even been recognized, not publicly at least, by the Presidential candidates. Mr. Hoover talks of a social experiment, not seeming to see that the Eighteenth Amendment is an absolute denial of the right to experiment toward a method of liquor control that will work. Governor Smith is to be thanked for bringing the issue to the hustings, but his amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment, it seems to us, is a proposal to compound the evil that has followed the insertion of legislation into the Constitution.

Leadership will come, however, and the objective will be reached. We do not subscribe to Justice Taft's pessimistic prophecy of 1918, that the Eighteenth Amendment is a "permanent millstone hung around our neck." We shall get it off in time. We shall get it off when we are readier than we were in 1919 to trust the whole people to carry on self-government. The misguided zeal of the majority of 1919 will not forever prevail over our desire for self-government.

The Editors

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Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

WHAT Great Britain and France hoped to accomplish by their proposed naval agreement, which the United States has quashed by refusing to accept it as the basis for a further discussion of limits for fighting strength at sea, is still the chief international topic of Europe. Few things since the war have disturbed the continent so much. This understanding, which the two parties to it aver was reached in the hope of facilitating disarmament, has been almost universally interpreted in other countries as a step back toward the system of accords and alliances that contributed so much to bring about the World War; and spokesmen of both Powers are continuing to demonstrate its innocence.

Under editorial and oratorical fire from Laborites and Liberals, the British Government has contented itself with saying that there was no intention to conceal the substance of the negotiations with France from the United States, and that when France transmitted the correspondence to Washington she acted in accordance with an arranged policy in which Great Britain also shared.

Jules Sauerwein, the well-informed foreign editor of the semi-official "Matin" of Paris, has published a long explanation of the Anglo-French naval compromise, and added an outline of the opinion of it which Frenchmen think Americans should hold:

"It is difficult for an observer of European affairs to understand how the drawing together of France and England can ever be regarded as in any way designed as a 'plot' against America. No French Government, would or could ever indulge in a policy which even indirectly could be regarded in the United States as wanting in friendship . . .

"SINCE the war there have been so many pacts and treaties against war and for guaranteeing this and that frontier and country that it is easily understandable how the man in the street in New York, and even more his fellow in the West, should come to think something like this: 'These French have a regular mania for security. They spend their time seeking first one guaranty, then another, and when they get them declare that they are insufficient. Why in the world, now that they have got the League of Nations, the Locarno treaties, and the Pact of Paris, are they still looking for an *entente* with England?'

"To this man in the street I would begin by saying that he should seek his answer by making a little trip along the eastern frontiers of Germany; then go to Vienna and see the demonstrations in favor of union with Germany; and finish his tour in Moscow, where he might happen to arrive at the moment when the Red Army is holding a big review . . .

"In the whole continent the only two major countries which are in themselves stable and for which a change in the status of Europe could not be profitable are England and France. In England it has taken time for the advantage of a concerted policy between these two to be perceived, and there are not wanting Englishmen enough who still remain opposed to the idea and attached to the principle that England's interests are best served by keeping the continent divided and playing one group of powers against another . . .

"Once the accord was made on the principle and applied in various corners of Europe where before the agents of each had been pulling in different ways, the two Governments began to examine in concert the common problem with which they were faced . . .

"Where the army was concerned the English, who have no land defense problem, showed a spirit of utmost conciliation toward the doctrines of the French General Staff. On naval matters France, while reserving liberty on the small defensive units which she believes essential to her security, yielded to English desires, though it will be found when the text of the agreement and the various letters exchanged are published that every consideration was given to the possibility of objection being taken and to the necessity there might be of a rearrangement . . . "

WHAT could be clearer and simpler than that? "You run things your way ashore, and we will run things our way afloat—*if* we can get America to agree."

Meanwhile, Raoul Dandurand, the Government leader in the Canadian Senate, has declared in an interview in Paris that it is Great Britain and the United States who are blocking progress toward an appreciable reduction in naval armaments. "We can not understand why an agreement should not be reached between the two great English-speaking peoples allowing that their fleets, instead of being opposed in naval competition, should be conjoined in the sole desire of assuring the peace of the world." He might ask some of the French-speaking people in Paris; they could tell him how they would like the idea of the British Empire and the United States, instead of those old friends England and France, as a self-appointed police force to maintain international order. When it comes to world policing, the game is still "Badge, badge, who's got the badge?"

DOUBTS of the efficacy of Communism occasionally find expression in the Soviet press, and when they do they represent an official point of view which makes them doubly significant. The latest of these statements is a leading editorial article in the "Economic Life" of Moscow, which analyses the prospects for the year ahead without optimism and concludes that there is no immediate hope of meeting the village demand for manufactured goods. The situation, says the writer, is involved in a series of vicious circles. Shortage of goods means a shortage of grain for export, which they are used to secure; shortage of exports cuts down imports; and shortage of imports reduces the available quantity of goods to exchange with the peasants for the grain needed as the chief article of export. Or again, betterment of the living standard of factory workers calls for lower costs of production, which implies increased individual output, which means improved organization involving reduction of working staff, which swells the ranks of the unemployed and so lowers the general standard of living.

Credit would provide a way out of these troubles. But no one wants to lend money to the Bolsheviks, and Soviet paper money has the lowest gold and foreign currency reserve to support it that has been held at any time in the last three years.

Altogether, it seems difficult to find a way to beat the laws of economics, which after all are derived from the natural laws of human character.

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What the Country Is Thinking

A Review of Editorial Opinion

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

THIS year of grace, 1928, instead of 1829, might have been the date of Carlyle's Essay on "Signs of the Times." He dwells on the tendency of people in the mass to indulge in recurrent prophetic frenzy. He refers to the recent events, such as the repeal of the Catholic Disabilities which prohibited Catholics in England from holding public office, and then he recounts the lugubrious predictions that followed, "public principle is gone; private honesty is going; society, in short, is fast falling in pieces."

Does not that sound like a description of this Presidential campaign? A Democratic defeat, we are assured, would sound the death knell of the Democratic party; a smashing Republican victory would almost certainly bring the Grand Old Party to an ignoble end.

If what each says of the other is to be believed, both parties ought to die. Mr. Hoover, former Harding Cabinet member, we are told, effusively extols the record of his party which is smirched with the scandals of the Harding régime. Mr. Smith, sachem of Tammany, we are reminded in turn, pays loyal tribute to Tammany which has never repented of its Tweed Ring, nor wiped from its history the graft in contracts that it has lived on from the days of Matthew Davis, Grand Sachem during Madison's Administration, up to the present. One side declares that the party is responsible if it does not repudiate and denounce; the other side protests that the party is not responsible if it does not conceal and extenuate.

INDEED the mutual accusation goes deeper than mere political dishonesty and material peculation; it reaches down into the soul. On the one side there is passionate outcry against the prejudice, bigotry, persecution. On the other side there is the angry charge that this outcry is a mere smoke screen to hide double dealing and conscious incompetence.

The newspapers representing the Ins are of course on the defensive, but they carry on their defense by making sallies on the Outs. After reading what each has to say about the other, one begins to wonder whether either party is fit to survive, whether the frenzied prophets may not be right after all, whether a political *Dies Irae* be not at hand with an American Mussolini or Lenin sitting on the throne of judgment.

WITH such crimination and recrimination between parties as such, it was perhaps inevitable that the parties' respective candidates should not escape serious charges. Here are two men whom competent judges declare to be exceptionally able and exceptionally fitted by training and temperament for the Presidency—comparable in fact to such men as Roosevelt and Wilson. Each was nominated by an overwhelming majority against organized opposition. Yet what do we hear about them both? Smith, we are told, in effect, is willfully ignorant. Hoover is persistently evasive. Smith raises issues which he is incompetent to discuss; and Hoover refuses to discuss them. Each is saddled with responsibility for allowing the campaign to sag to a low level. Smith is described as the typical cheap politician. Hoover is described as the friend of the "interests."

HAPPILY each is extolled by his partisans. Smith is the born leader of men. Hoover the inspirer of enthusiastic followers. Smith is the mighty champion of the ignored Western farmer. Hoover is the farmer's proved friend. Smith's supporters quote Hughes's praise of Smith. Hoover's supporters quote Lane's praise of Hoover.

In all this there is not one word about the issues on which the voters are supposed to pass judgment. Corruption is not an issue. No one defends it. The only semblance of an issue there is whether one party is more corrupt than the other. Intolerance is not an issue. No one argues for it. The only semblance of an issue there is which is more intolerant—the bigots or those who insist that unbigoted opponents are bigots. Are not issues discussed at all?

Of course they are discussed; but how? More and more casually. They have become incidental to argument pro and con, or mere exchange of opinions, about the candidates or the parties. Prohibition still excites the most interest—or emotion—of all the issues, but it is subordinate to such a question as whether Mrs. Willebrandt is exercising the right of free speech which should not be interfered with or whether she is overstepping the bounds of official propriety and should be officially suppressed; whether Smith was nearer right when he said that a President could do nothing about legislation except to recommend action to Congress or when he said that the Presidency called for leadership and that if elected he would do as he has done in New York—go to the people and bring public opinion to bear upon Congress to carry out his policies. But as for searching discussion of prohibition and its possible alternatives—apart from reiteration of its evils and its benefits—I find almost nothing in the editorial pages of the daily press. The challenging problem of agriculture still has a place in the public press, but it becomes no clearer under discussion. Giant power? The question editorially seems to be, for instance, a balancing of the Republican Roy O. West against the Democratic John J. Raskob, or general denunciation of government ownership offset by the interest of Kentucky in getting cheap electric power.

This might have been an educational campaign. A few newspapers have treated it as such. I wish I had adequate data for a fair roll of honor. But apparently newspaper readers are not clamoring now for education in public affairs.

Who is responsible for this disappointing campaign? Is Mr. Hoover, restrained by his reticence or his board of strategists? Is Governor Smith, who has tried but seems to have failed? Asking such questions simply takes us back to the *tu quoque* argument.

Perhaps we should be content in this campaign to have learned as a Nation that the farmers have a problem that calls for public action; that Giant Power is going to challenge our best judgment, and that prohibition is after all discussible.

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From the Life

The River

By IBBY HALL

ONCE there was a little girl in the country who was very fond of her grandparents. She spent most of her time in their house, except for the time when she was playing in the lovely countryside that lay around the house; and except for those even more mysterious and beautiful times when she ventured to the river that ran through the woods and fields like an unreal dream.

She was supposed to be very careful about the river. She was supposed to stay away from it and be afraid of it, but she was not in the least afraid and made up a game for herself which was a kind of pretended obedience game. The game was—how near could she go to the river and yet be staying away from it? Each time she played the game she found that she could go a little nearer than the time before and still feel that she was being a good little girl and really keeping away from the river.

It was all the fault of the river which was so lovely a thing to look at and so promising and coaxing a playmate.

NOT far from the house of the little girl's grandparents lived a man who watched the child often. Perhaps she reminded him of his own childhood and perhaps she represented to him a dream that was long since over, but he came to feel for her in time that sympathy and understanding felt only between like imaginations. He had not time to know her very well since she spent so many hours flitting from one place to another, making up for herself her own elusive games and suddenly deciding that there was a fascinating spot somewhere a little further along that she must see at once.

In the wintertime the river was imprisoned. The little girl used to wonder if it felt like a captive princess in a silver cave. She could hear—when she came quite close and yet all the time was staying away—little broken songs that came from that Somewhere Else behind crystal walls where the river was locked in.

It was a lovely singing, but when spring should come it would be even lovelier. A fairy wand would be lifted and the cruel ice would vanish in the twinkling of an eye. There would be the river again free to run as she liked, shaking out her long hair, running with bare feet over the sharp stones, touching with delicate fingers the new little flowers that would spring up shyly at the sound of her voice.

THERE came a wanton day when all this transformation seemed about to take place immediately. It really had no business coming at all, for the winter was not yet over, but it was a day like the little girl's game, trying to see how close it could come to forbidden summer. It was a lovely, false, deceitful day and when it showed its heels finally, it hurried away from tragedy. The day was gone, leaving all its mischief behind.

In the house of the little girl's grandparents darkness came and the lamps were lit, but the grandparents saw nothing but their own fear. They strained and twisted their fingers. They stifled their voices and tried to lock in their hearts so that they would miss no sound of footsteps and no flicker of a lantern. One hundred men—neighbors and those farther off—had gathered quietly and swiftly to follow the path of the river to that spot where it had lured the child. The nearest neighbor, the young man who had watched her with wordless thoughts and shy sympathy, knew as well as though the river had told him, of the struggle between those two, of the singing and the coaxing and the game of hide and seek.

The river had taken the child at last. With his heart raging and his feet like lead he followed the river's wake and vowed he would have the child back again. But the day vanished and the night was half gone and the river still hid her secrets and mocked him—him and those ninety-nine others.

They went home at last. There was no word to give at the grandparents' house. The neighbor went home and went to bed. He took off his clothes but he could not divest himself of his rage and resolution. He lay staring into the darkness and could not put his thoughts aside. He fought off sleep as he had fought off his knowledge. When sleep gripped him finally he refused still to relinquish his stubborn search. He slipped through sleep as he would have dived into clear water—and there he was, escaped into a dream. Once more beside the river—once more continuing the search for that stolen child.

IT was a strange spot along the river at which he found himself. He could not remember having noticed it before, but now that he was there it gave him a feeling of odd familiarity and recognition. He was not tramping up and down as he had tramped only a few hours before, but was sitting peacefully with his fishing rod in his hand, staring at the quiet water, feeling vaguely and peacefully, as he had felt many times before, the river's spell of sad loveliness. A dream within a dream. And still there was that other dream far above him which was Life.

As quietly as he dived into sleep he rose again to the surface. The pale face of another day looked through the window at him, and he rose and dressed and went out to meet it. He was not anguished any more. He had brought with him to the surface a strange peace and surety. The river would give back what she had taken. It was for him to follow her now until he should find that marked spot that held him in his dream.

He looked now, in this wan light of dawn, not for the little girl but for the river. He let the water lead him forward. Pushing out in his boat upon the heart of the water, he followed the path only half remembered, hidden in a dream. With oars idle he stared into the clear depths beneath him that showed so quietly in the still morning.

The little boat floated quietly with the river. And then around an unexpected turn he found it. Here was that unknown spot where he had sat fishing. Here was the place at which the river had yielded up her secret to him in sleep. Was he dreaming still? At this spot the river shelved upwards as though she would climb the gentle bank and escape upon the land. Only three feet of water here; through which the boat pushed quietly, and stopped.

The little girl lay peacefully, looking up at him. This shallow bed of water where the river had laid her at last might have been a cradle. She looked as though she were hearing something, a new song, and her happy eyes trying to find the singer.

The neighbor leaned over that rocking cradle and lifted the child in his arms. He remembered the house where her grandparents were waiting.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

REVIVING the plays of the naïve past for the edification of the most sophisticated present has probably been a popular form of entertainment since long before Belshazzar. Parody and burlesque are built upon a sense of superiority. And the Past is always so naïve! Yes; even if it is merely the Past of a brief year ago.

Last season, for instance, Park Avenue laughed over "Ten Nights In a Barroom" and professed itself delighted with the old delirium tremens scene, the sodden drunkards, the greedy tavern-keepers and black-hatted gamblers: all the stock characters of the Anti-Saloon League drama—although it was unable completely to laugh off some of the dramatic moments.

This autumn, New York is invited by the Garrick Players (excellent English actors, including Hugh Miller of "Alfred Jingle" fame) to tickle its vanity with a complacent viewing of that old Eighteenth Century English favorite "George Barnwell: or the London Merchant," done with the tongue in the cheek and the well-known "intimate audience" wink, by no less a person than Crummles himself.

People who know their Dickens—and in particular their "Nicholas Nickleby"—don't have to be told who Crummles was, nor how he and his tatterdemalion band of strolling players attracted Nickleby's attention and played this same moralistic tragedy for him. They can go, prepared to laugh and remark comfortably on how absurd the Eighteenth Century was—"George Barnwell" was first produced in 1731—and thus appreciate all the fine points of the Garrick Players production; of which there are more than a few.

For the non-Dickensians, however, and even for those, like ourselves, to whom the memory of "Nicholas Nickleby" is now very dim, "The London Merchant" as thus presented has to be judged upon its own merits, as a revival. And thus viewed, let us say, at once, we thought it very good.

HERE is the horrendous tale of the merchant's apprentice, enticed to passion and to crime by Mrs. Millwood, the wickedest woman in London—robbing his employer, hoodwinked by the evil beautiful lady, persuaded, finally, to the murder of his uncle and sent finally thus on the road to Tyburn and the gallows; where the only consolation that virtue has is to see the wicked Mrs. Millwood hung beside him.

What a grand tale it is!

Not believable for an instant. Yet so melodramatically done, so poetically frightful, so wistfully exaggerated, so virtuously proclaimed that to doubt its efficacy as a moral lesson were impossible.

"Alas! Expiring saint!" exclaims the wretched George Barnwell, as he views his murdered uncle and realizes that the noble soul whom he has thus foully done away with had intended leaving him all his property.

Yes, wretched George! Beware, Young Men! What a moral there is here.

The progress of poor George down the descent to Avernus, with wicked Mrs. Millwood beckoning him on deceitfully and evilly, is something to be remembered.

AND YET, done with a schoolmaster's pointer though it is, the play nevertheless has its moments of poetry, of emotion, even of truth. To an audience of naïve and unsophisticated people, who paid their money to have their imaginations satisfied and to whom life was etched in blacks and whites, it is easy to see how it could have had power and life,—always provided it was acted sincerely and well. It still has something of drama in it, something of artistic potency; enough at least to overshadow completely both the Dickens's dialogue of the prologue and the modern speeches of the epilogue. It is still the picture, better than the frame. Once it must have been real drama.

Made over (both, we suppose, by Sir Nigel Playfair and by the stage directing and musical interpolations of the Garrick Players), here is a mildly diverting affair which, as one gradually gives up to its pleasant vanities and gentle humors, becomes more and more entertaining, and ends by being an uproariously amusing entertainment. The duet, "Ode to an Expiring Frog," in the best parlor manner of the Mauve Decade, finally won us completely.

And yet, when all is said, there remains merely a sophisticated parody of what was once a genuine play. The tongue is always in the cheek; and Crummles's wink to the audience too broad to be decently disregarded. It produces that most pleasant result: a feeling of superiority. What simple fellows they were, those old Eighteenth Century playwrights and actors Not much like our dramas of reality and truth, our superior professional Broadway successes of today.

Yes; give us today!

A FEW BLOCKS uptown, just go in where the sign reads "The Command Performance" and see what material for parody or burlesque our descendants are going to have to show up the poor old naïve Twentieth Century.

Modern? Oh, yes. The heroine is a princess who tries out her suitors in her bedroom to see if they please. If they don't, her father—a most dreadful mixture of the late King Edward and Dave Warfield as The Auctioneer—has them disposed of. The princess is very up-to-date; language, clothes, everything. Everybody throws bad words around: words which can be found in any dictionary.

Everything is very modern.

Except the plot, and the dialogue, and the emotional moments and the scenes, and the incredible heroism. "Beau Geste" and "Graustark"! Shades of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and good old "Rupert of Hentzau"! Bring back all the old favorites! But don't let any future generation find us with this one: the servant girl's dream.

Modern hard-boiled flappers, struggling in good, old sticky romance—even to the imitation of Rudolf Rassendyl saying goodbye to Flavia forever, in the castle of Ruritania.

Let the psychologists take heart. Romance cannot be killed.

We ourselves stayed till the end.

The theatre was crowded. The reviews are excellent. But, oh, if only the entire company could go to school at the Garrick Theatre and learn English diction and the manners of what used to be the drawing-room.

We don't recommend "The Command Performance."

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The Movies

"Four Devils"

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

WE don't know, nor does it make the slightest difference, what sort of picture "Four Devils" would have been if F. W. Murnau hadn't directed it, or if Janet Gaynor hadn't acted in it. The reassuring fact is that both of these outstanding artists contributed of their very best to the picture, with the result that "Four Devils" is an unusual and a fascinating film.

Dr. Murnau brings to the screening of "Four Devils" more expert knowledge of what a movie camera can be taught to do than is seemingly possessed by any other director in the world. He has demonstrated his right to the title of Master Photographer in one picture after another, each time by new and sensational methods. He leads—the rest try to follow.

"Four Devils," "Sunrise," "The Last Laugh," "Tartuffe the Hypocrite"—these pictures have in common only one quality: each bears the private mark of the expert: otherwise they are just as widely different as their medium permits.

"Four Devils," for example, is a story of the circus; of the tragedy brought to simple lives and loves by the entrance of worldly wickedness. Murnau doesn't envelop this sort of drama in floating mists, nor does he photograph its actors from eleven different angles at once. He lights his production up like a circus arena because that happens to be the setting in which most of the action occurs. Ingenious? Yes. Very!

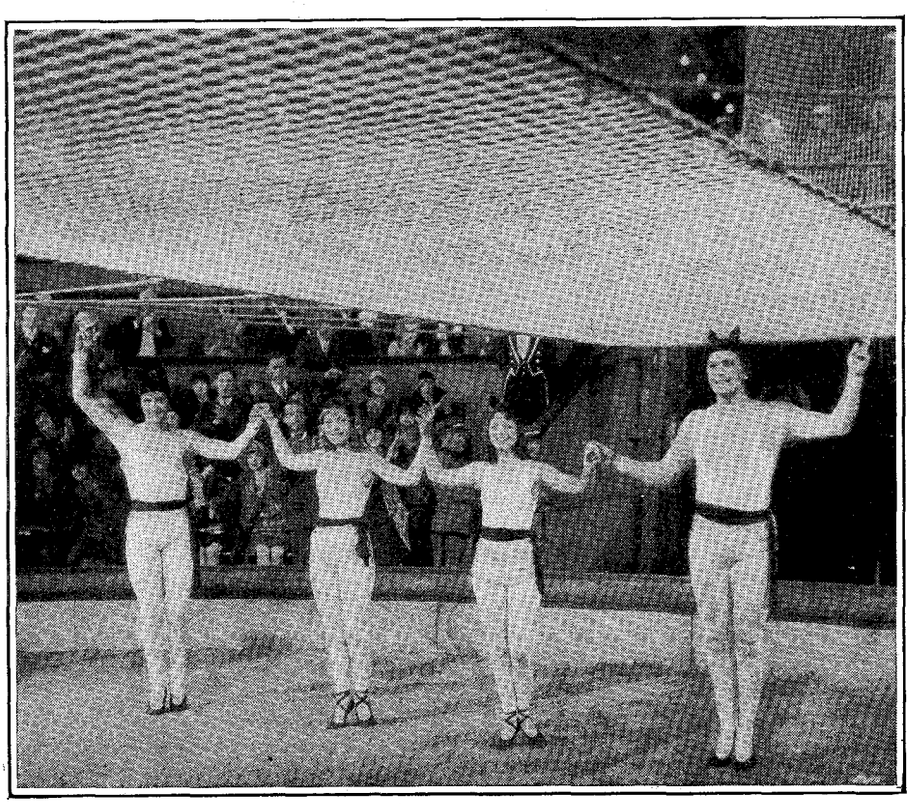
Nor does his ingenuity stop at the movie camera. He directs his people with the same flair for the unusual and with equally successful avoidance of the implausible. Not one of them makes a false move throughout the film, except in one scene, when, we thought, Mary Duncan marred an otherwise admirable performance by a bit of overplaying. That bit must, in all fairness, be charged against Dr. Murnau.

As for Miss Gaynor, she works without apparent makeup and is attired neither in rags and ringlets nor in ringlets and robes. She is merely a rather plain little girl, playing a drab little part in an utterly unforgettable manner. Her face is an unceasing study as she goes from joy to despair to hope, with rarely a deviation from the steadfast self-mastery of the trained circus trouper; so perfectly attuned is her performance that when she gives so much as an extra flicker of an eyelash, the effect is extraordinary. Those who liked her in her more prettified rôles may be disappointed at her showing in "Four Devils;" but in the files of this department "Four Devils" goes down as Janet Gaynor's greatest picture to date, not excepting "Sunrise."

We should like also to commend, specifically, the hefty young trapeze-swinger of Charles Morton. This fledgling actor, who may be remembered from "Four Sons," is wavy-haired and onyx-eyed, like the old school of movie heroes. What he will be able to do with less essentially theatrical parts remains to be seen, but in "Four Devils" he and his rôle are one, and that's all you can ask of any Thespian.

"Four Devils" has (of course) a Movietone accompaniment; it is well done except that as each scene ends, the Movietone clicks, audibly, and then starts grinding again with the ensuing scene. This made, at times, for a disjointed effect which hurt the picture, and caused it to drag. When you see it, this defect will probably have been remedied.

Don't miss "Four Devils." It is a big picture, beautifully done and makes you curiously aware, through every foot of it, that you are watching the flawless unfolding of a perfectly planned and brilliantly executed conjuring trick. Which, with a deep obeisance to Dr. Murnau, is our notion of what every good motion picture ought to be.



THE "FOUR DEVILS"

"Lonesome"

"Dr. Murnau," said we, a while back, "leads. The others try to follow." Some follow better than others, of course. Included among the less successful at this easy and fascinating pursuit is Dr. Paul Fejos, the director of "Lonesome." Hired by Universal on the strength of his "The Last Moment" (which was thought to be frightfully original) Dr. Fejos has endeavored, in "Lonesome," to imitate "Sunrise," "Speedy," and "The Crowd" all at once. The result is not happy.

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Venice En Fête

Venice

By EUGENE BONNER

FOR the second time this season the Piazza San Marco has been transformed into a *salle de spectacle*. For the second time this season singers, actors and dancers have done what they could to entertain us in this marvellous *decor*. For the second time this season the Piazza has been closed to the general public, admission to the sacred precincts being allowed only upon payment of cold cash, much to the righteous and entirely justified indignation of the good citizens of Venice who for the last thousand years or so have considered this Piazza as their own personal drawing-room.

But the modern tourist must be amused, and the chittering hordes of fashionable idiots who clutter up this beautiful old city from June to September must be diverted or they might migrate to some other place like the jabbering magpies they are, in hope of fresh entertainment, or what is eminently more to their taste, a fresh scandal.

To prevent these most admirable specimens from carrying their patronage elsewhere, the authorities a few weeks ago undertook to provide a divertissement worthy of the name. A gigantic stage was constructed across the end of the Piazza facing San Marco, scenery was built on a corresponding scale, singers were engaged and Pietro Mascagni, beloved of all Italians, was brought here to conduct the two short operas composing this spectacle—Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci.

The prices charged were exorbitant, the performances nothing to wave flags about and Signor Mascagni made his usual amount of deafening noise which he probably calls conducting. Some of the people in the most expensive seats heard parts of the operas occasionally and other members of the huge audience were very pleased or very much disgruntled, depending largely upon where they sat. And that, all told, was that!

THE other spectacle, given a few nights ago, was far more beautiful and infinitely more interesting. This time a kind of rostrum was arranged in the centre of the Piazza, and an elevated promenade was built around three sides of the square, not unlike the arrangement seen in old prints and paintings of civil and religious ceremonies here when Doges, Popes and suchlike worthies marched solemnly in state about this very Piazza to the great delectation of the inhabitants of the Serene Republic.

Entering from the San Marco end of the Square, groups of men and women dressed in every type of Italian national costume paraded the place, the elevated passage-way making them easily visible from all points of the Piazza.

Bands played, fiddles squeaked and tambourines rattled while these delightful amateur actors or mannequins had the time of their lives. It would be unfair as well as extremely difficult to try to single out any individual or group as being the most successful. Personally we would be inclined to give the palm to the gentry from Palermo, with their lovely costumes of silks and brocades to which were added superb examples of Sicilian peasant jewelry.

Groups from the Roman provinces, Trieste, and Modena, vied with those of Pisa, Padua and Mantua. Teutonic looking Italians from the Trento rubbed shoulders with the Saracen and Greek types from Calabria and Sicily, while the Venetian provinces were as a matter of course, well and truly represented.

Folk-songs and dances of their various districts were indulged in by the performers to their great satisfaction and our own as well. The lighting effects and the ordering of the groups and tableaux were admirable, while the manner in which the huge crowd, audience as well as performers, was handled, was little short of marvellous.

AT the Teatro Malibran Cav. G. Rosetto has been presenting a somewhat limited operatic repertoire consisting in fact of only two operas, Boito's "Mefistofele" and the "Manon Lescaut" of Puccini.

Arrigo Boito, in spite of the much advertised, long expected and very disappointing "Nerone," is most probably likely to go down in musical history as a one-opera composer, and that opera of course, "Mefistofele."

This opera, a curious mixture of the old-fashioned and the romantic type of operatic structure, is most interesting in some spots and deadly boring in others. It is, as are so many works of its period, very dependent on the manner of its presentation and execution. Above all, the central figure must be more than simply adequate to carry the piece to a successful conclusion. Those fortunate enough to have seen Fedor Chaliapine as Mefistofele need not be told that.

Imerio Ferrari, who undertook the title-rôle the other evening did not, unfortunately, prove to be any Chaliapine. In neither acting nor singing was he able to cope with the exigencies of this brilliant and difficult rôle and the result to the opera as a whole was not unnaturally somewhat disastrous.

On the other hand, the orchestra, generally the weak point in provincial opera companies, played very well indeed. It had a good tone and a fine attack and was most ably directed by Adolfo Alvisi. The choruses, such an important item in this particular opera, were well sung and never once off pitch, which in view of the fact that the most important choral work is done off-stage, was no small accomplishment.

IN "Manon Lescaut" the company was far more successful. The opera like the same composer's "Boheme" is easily adaptable to the smaller type of opera-company, requiring neither elaborate settings nor great singers to give a thoroughly acceptable performance.

There always has been, and always will be discussions as to which is the better opera, the "Manon" of Massenet or the Puccini setting of the same story. Personally we find the latter as an opera far more interesting than the French work, though it's not to be denied that the milk-and-water melodies of Massenet are more in the spirit of this 18th century romance than the more passionate and dramatic music of Puccini, which after all would suggest more real passion and depth of feeling than the frail Manon ever dreamed of possessing.

The Massenet work is, in a way, like the portraits of Longhi, a delightful picture of the superficial and amusing side of a decadent period, and as such must in all probability be reckoned as the better presentation of the subject, even though the Italian version sticks more closely to the original story in its denouement.

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A New Big Four Storms Through

By HERBERT REED

(Right Wing)

IT *was* a polo storm that the new Big Four of Tommy Hitchcock's put on before the greatest crowd in Meadow Brook's history to win the first cup offered for the galloping championship of the two Americas. Squeezing through to victory in the first match against the gallant Argentines 7 goals to 6, turned back in the second encounter in a gorgeously played game, 10 to 7, the young North Americans, three of whom got their first training as Meadow Larks under the splendid tutelage of Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, who owns one of the shrewdest brains in polo, rampaged through to triumph in the third match by the smashing score of 13 to 7. The larks had suddenly turned into eagles, seeking their prey. "I think," quoth a well-known dowager of the Long Island hierarchy, "the boys have gone a little mad." "Worse than that," replied her companion, "they have gone Berserker."

This new Big Four, savagely criticized from time to time as sudden changes were made in its personnel, — and Tommy Hitchcock himself was not spared in that condemnation,—must have gone into action "sore." They had been berated and orally cuffed about both openly and slyly to a degree that would have twanged the nerves of Job himself. So William Averell Harriman, Earl A. S. Hopping, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., and Frederick Winston Churchill Guest simply steamed the resentment out of their systems by action, the fury and fire of which I have never seen equaled on any polo field.

I shall pass over the earlier changes made in the four at Hitchcock's insistence and on his responsibility, and devote a second thought to the change made on the eve of the final match when Stevenson retired from the team and young Hopping came aboard at No. 2, while Hitchcock went to No. 3, a position he has seldom occupied. It so happened in the second match, which found the canny Argentines winning with their great horsemanship and their deft short passing when nearing the goal, that John Miles, who was turning in one of the sweetest performances at No. 3 that ever I saw, was shutting down Hitchcock's range to a marked and as it turned out fatal extent. So there is hardly a doubt that the American captain changed his own position in order not to be brought against him. Also, while Mike Stevenson had played a first-rate No. 3, the North American leader decided that there would have to be three of the longest hitters available behind Harriman, so that the latter could be sent on his blazing fast mounts away out in front to pick up long distance passes from three men instead of one. In other words, Tommy decided to shelve defense entirely. Hopping, who has been coming along fast this year, and has developed long distance hitting of the terrific variety under his father's coaching, was the natural selection for the new vacancy.

How well the scheme, a crafty bit of generalship, worked out, is now a matter of polo history. So the North Americans were equipped to put on a different brand of passing from that of the men from Buenos Ayres. The passes for scores were the longest I have seen in many a year, and Hitchcock, Guest, and Hopping drove their shots often straight through the entire Argentine team, where Harriman was many lengths out, and mounted on ponies that even the swiftest of the visitors could not catch. Then, too, Harriman had one of his really accurate days and, being always out of the jam and free and clear of the injured Lacey, could take his time in making his scoring strokes.

BUT IF there was one example of pure courage on the American side, it was that of young Hopping. Here was a youngster who, while well taught, has been only a few years in top class polo, facing one of the hardest riders in the world, and taking issue with the man who has been called polo's Firpo neck to neck and shoulder to shoulder. It is true that Miles rode him off with consummate skill now and again, but Hopping retaliated in aid of his team by suddenly appearing from nowhere all over the field, and almost invariably at a critical moment. It wasn't long before a large section of the east stand was cheering him frantically.

The generalship came in for a prompt cross soon after the game got under way. Tobiana, Hitchcook's splendid piebald, was held out of the first period, the place where he usually appears, and was reserved till later, when the North Americans began to put on their terrific scoring. There wasn't an Argentine mount that could match him. As soon as Tobiana got under way the whole team began to move like snow driven by the wind down a gusty street. Almost at once the visitors were driven to the defensive and, as usually with attacking teams, practically every break of the game went to the Big Four. Swiftly the avalanche moved on, doing the impossible with something approaching impudence, and for a time it seemed that the blue-shirted visitors were to be not merely beaten but smothered. At one time the score was 12 to 2 against them, and it looked like utter rout. In justice to the visitors it must be admitted that they were not on their game, especially Lacey, who had played so marvelously in the second encounter. Just before this whirlwind match he was found sitting in a tent holding his injured mallet hand in warm water. I think he was in much poorer physical shape than any of the team was willing to admit. Only superb courage and sportsmanship kept him going. As for Nelson, he took a fall that was very like Lacey's, and got a tremendous cheer after he arose, mounted, and went on with the play.

IT IS a strong statement to make to say that Winston Guest matched up to some of Devereux Milburn's best international play, but I am prepared to make it. The tall back made everything go that he tried. His strokes were long and true, his missing practically negligible. Also, he could ride off with any man. A practically perfect performance all the way through. He came through the series consistently, never having a bad moment, while Miles on the last day missed almost enough scoring openings to tie the score. And with Miles missing the rest of the team caught the infection. The Argentine hitting when the goal was concerned was distinctly poor, although the short passing still stood up quite well.

In final commendation of the game visitors let it not be forgotten that they were the first team to beat an American Big Four since Lord Wimborne's great aggregation of 1914. The American players themselves will tell you that this was the most serious assault on the polo supremacy of the United States since that period.

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Publicist or Politician?

(Continued from page 973)

mountain village in Switzerland, he made the acquaintance of a young Russian who was a fanatical believer in Karl Marx, who did not dream that one day he would have astounding power, but who openly swore there was nothing he would not do to overthrow the Czarist régime. It was Lenin. So today, as the great figures of history grow old and write their memoirs, Dr. Butler hears many an echo of the years of his life. He finds his greatest pleasure, not unnaturally, in reading these autobiographies and he does so incessantly.

During the years from 1912 to 1919, Dr. Butler was a politician only occasionally. He was fairly close to Barnes and Koenig, the New York City boss, and the other stand-pat leaders of his party; on the whole, however, his activities were limited to infrequent speeches at conventions and other party gatherings and to his services as delegate at the national conventions. When the World War came he upheld President Wilson's pleas for neutrality. When America got in he was swept, like the rest of his countrymen, with the fervor of patriotism. Like them, too, he shuddered at the Bolshevist menace and at a dinner at the Hotel Commodore in New York in 1919 he warned impressively:

"Within a mile of this hotel at this very moment there are probably fifty meetings, of from 20 to 1,000 persons each, where everything we believe in is being discussed or attacked."

During those years Dr. Butler may have been an alarmist. He appealed to the United States Senate to purge itself of "that object!", referring to the late Robert M. La Follette. But he was, at least, expressing his honest convictions without regard to politics. In December of 1919, however, one finds that he has answered a letter from William H. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League. In it he said that he had not supported prohibition and did not believe the Amendment was the proper way in which to bring temperance. It was, however, the law. It should be enforced. For "the executive department of the government it is a closed affair." One finds, too, that Dr. Butler's first interest in the League of Nations has cooled and the conclusion is inescapable that he has wandered forth from the sphere of liberty and is again a politician.

A few months later he was openly a candidate for the Presidential nomination. On the eve of the convention he was protesting that he was no mere favorite son, to be given only a complimentary ballot or two. He appears not to have realized the true meaning of his candidacy; that he was being used by the Republican bosses to stop Leonard Wood. Dr. Butler was a little pathetic in his appeals for a chance to become a real dark horse, in proclaiming "Pick Nick for President and Picnic in November."

"You two men are standing between me and the Presidency," he is supposed to have complained to two stubborn Wood supporters in the New York delegation. "If I could only get the solid delegation, I have been told, supporters of several of the other candidates would begin turning to me after the first few ballots."

They never did, of course, for it had been written that Harry Daugherty was to "put across," as he expressed it, his friend Warren Harding. Butler returned to New York insisting that he had been glad to sacrifice his own chances and to assist the drift to Harding on the ninth ballot. His only indiscretion, caused by his bitter disappointment, was a blazing statement in which he said that General Wood had been supported by a "motley group of stock gamblers, oil and mining promoters and other like persons." This brought forth indignant protests and Dr. Butler was man enough to apologize. The words had been "spoken under the strain, turmoil and fatigue of the convention."

I do not rake up those unhappy days in the belief that they have great historical importance or even that they throw much light on Dr. Butler's character. The chance to become President has upset the balance and dwarfed the judgment of far more stolid souls. I recall them rather in order to point to the fact that Dr. Butler evolved a bigger man. He no longer deluded himself, or even dared very much, regarding his political future. He became an increasingly healthful influence—a clear voice protesting against the growth of bureaucracy, the limitation of individual liberty. He was a bitter critic of the Harding-Coolidge foreign policy, a man who dared to say "The Volstead Act is a lie" and "the prohibition mania the most violent form of intemperance" though his party bowed to the mandates of the Anti-Saloon League.

"This," he said in May of 1923, "is no time for platitudes or for the weasel-words in which platform makers take such great delight."

As 1928 approached Dr. Butler, actually and not merely in his imagination at work in the sphere of liberty, grew in stature. No longer did he say that the Volstead Act should be enforced and "was a closed matter" to the executive arm. He called, instead, for repeal and insisted that there must be a wet plank in the Republican platform. He was outspoken in denouncing religious intolerance and generous in his praise of Governor Smith. He sought election as delegate to the Kansas City convention as a wet and won his contest. Then he left for the gathering, making it clear that he did not favor the nomination of Hoover and that he would agitate for a wet declaration.

It was futile, of course, for the party was in the grip of the drys. But Dr. Butler, arising to speak for the death of Volsteadism, was convincing in his sincerity and the applause was loud and long.

Somehow, whether he is seen amid the magnificence of his private office at Columbia University or in the hurly-burly of a national convention, Dr. Butler bears small resemblance to the popular conception of a university president. Here is no recluse accustomed to dwell in the cloistered halls of pedagogy. Around him, instead, is the atmosphere of the better metropolitan clubs. He knows his way about, as the saying is. At a convention he is energetic, vocal, combative. He has a knack for meeting people and talking with them; not merely the dignified persons who are his associates in the university world, but with congressmen, district leaders and precinct captains. He likes to call these figures of the realm of politics by their first names and, in turn, to be so addressed. He is not disturbed when committee meetings last far into the night nor is he bothered when the discussions grow heated, profane and ungrammatical. Dr. Butler's participation in politics is a world apart from that of the amateur who dabbles in it "because it is the duty of the good citizen" to do so.

At first glance, as he is seated behind

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The Four-Year Bull Market

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

OBITUARIES of the "Coolidge bull market" may be premature but the long and persistent advance in stock prices that has lasted for four years has already become one of the major events in American financial history.

To the speculator who trembles when one of his issues drops five or ten points, its course may have seemed erratic at times, but a longer range view shows that the upward march has suffered only comparatively minor interruptions.

After the exciting post-war boom, the market mounted the toboggan near the end of 1919 and started a slide which lasted throughout most of the next year. In 1921 and 1922 prices recovered moderately but they slumped again in 1923 and the early part of 1924. It was in the spring and summer of 1924 that the "Coolidge bull market" got under way.

The first half of 1924 had seen something of a depression in business which was largely the result of unfavorable conditions in the agricultural areas. The Federal Reserve authorities have been criticized sharply for some of their recent acts but, at this time, they obviously chose the proper course. They pumped money into the open market by purchasing $500,000,000 worth of Government securities and emphasized the easy money situation by reducing rediscount rates from 4½ per cent, where they had been established in 1923, to 3 per cent. The gold attracted by the high interest rates of previous years had widened the credit base to very comfortable proportions.

Aided by the Reserve policy, business threw off its depression and, by its activity, helped to justify higher stock prices, which soon materialized. The other forces working to boost prices were the growing supply of investment capital and an increasing preference for common stocks. The popularity of common stocks was undoubtedly accentuated greatly by Edgar Lawrence Smith's book, "Common Stocks As Long Term Investments," an inviting survey of the profits that had been made since the beginning of the century in high-grade junior securities. A furious burst of buying followed the re-election of President Coolidge but the event itself was probably not a major influence, except in that it prevented radical interference with business. Under any conservative President, the stock market's history would probably have been the same.

THE most serious interruption to the advance came in the early spring of 1926. The conditions which apparently brought it about are worth reviewing because they resemble in many ways those which have prevailed for the last few months.

There was no let-up in business activity. The records show that commerce and industry were making splendid progress in March while stock prices were falling 10 or 15 per cent. A shortage of credit was chiefly responsible. Business and speculation both had been making such large inroads into the available supply of credit that the Federal Reserve banks raised their rediscount rates to 4 per cent and pumped funds out of the open market by selling Government securities. This squeeze in money induced speculators to dump their holdings.

Since the deflation in stock prices had released enough funds for business needs, the Reserve banks intervened again on the side of easy money and the stock market started another advance which continued, with only trifling setbacks, until last autumn.

In the meantime, two important changes had occurred. Business activity had begun to dwindle and the Federal Reserve authorities had used their power to bring interest rates down to the lowest point they had reached since 1920. This policy may have been prompted in part by the desire to stimulate commerce and industry, but the chief purpose was to release some of our gold to foreign countries, the most important of which either had just stabilized their currencies or were in the process of doing so.

Here were the two major influences on security prices pushing strongly in opposite directions. The phenomenon is neither an unnatural nor an unusual one, but the issue is seldom as clearly drawn as it was in the autumn of 1927.

STOCKS declined about 5 or 10 per cent in October and it looked as though the depression in business was to be the dominant factor. The recession, though, was brief. Prices soon headed upward once more.

Since speculation was becoming rampant and foreign countries had taken all the money they needed, the Reserve banks started to contract the supply of credit by their open market operations and to raise its cost. They bought Government securities and, at the beginning of this year, raised rediscount rates to 4 per cent. Stocks kept rising, so they advanced rediscount rates another half per cent. These increases brought about the fairly severe June liquidation, deflating prices almost 10 per cent and releasing more than $200,000,000 in funds from the market.

Rediscount rates were jumped to 5 per cent in July but the market refused to go down any further. Business was flourishing again and holders simply refused to sell. Before the end of the summer another rally had acquired such momentum that prices went to new high records.

Funds were needed to finance the rally and the stock market's competition with business for loans forced interest rates to the highest levels they had reached in more than eight years. In July and at the beginning of this month, the call money rate soared to 10 per cent. Learned financial writers insisted that such rates should bring about deflation as a milder credit stringency had done in March, 1926, but the speculators who had bought stocks stubbornly refused to sell them. They held on for dear life even though the return on the securities they held was, in many cases, less than half the interest they were paying on the money they borrowed with which to buy them. The Federal reserve banks could not raise rates still further. To do so might hamper business or bring back the gold sent abroad a year ago.

Today the deadlock persists. No outside influence can be exerted safely to bring prices down. If they fall, they will fall of their own weight. Or, to use the most popular current metaphor—Nobody can kill the present market. It will have to commit suicide.

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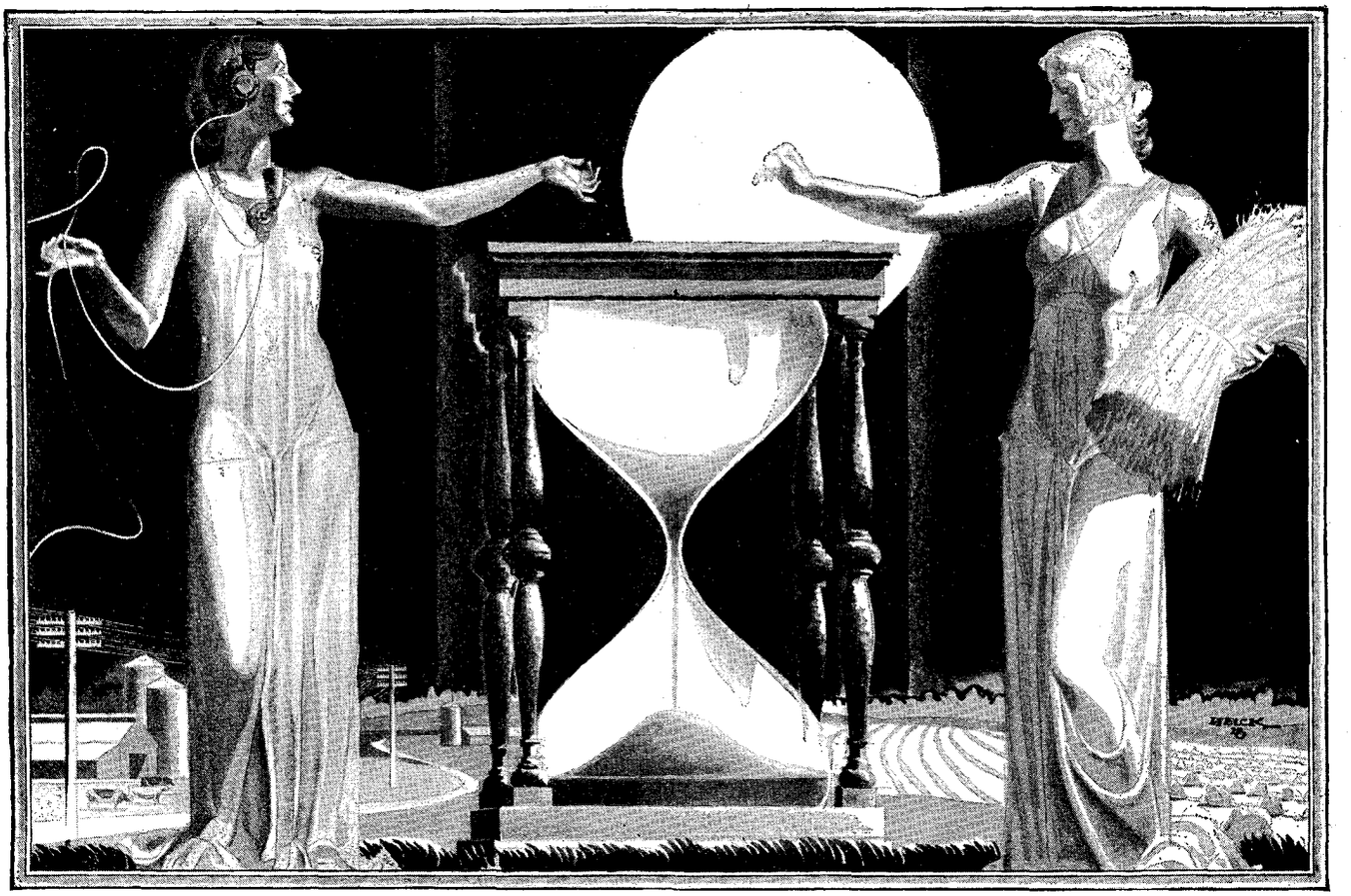

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In 1927 the number of local calls not completed on the first attempt was reduced by 5 per cent. This means the better handling of 200,000,000 calls a year.

In 1926 the average time of handling toll and long distance calls was 2 minutes. In 1927 this average was reduced to 1½ minutes, with further improvements in voice transmission.

On 6,820,000 long distance and toll calls made in Kansas in 1927 an average reduction of a minute and a half was made on each call—a total of twenty years saved.

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The American Telephone and Telegraph Company accepts its responsibility for a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust. It is fundamental in the policy of the company that all earnings after regular dividends and a surplus for financial security be used to give more and better service to the public.

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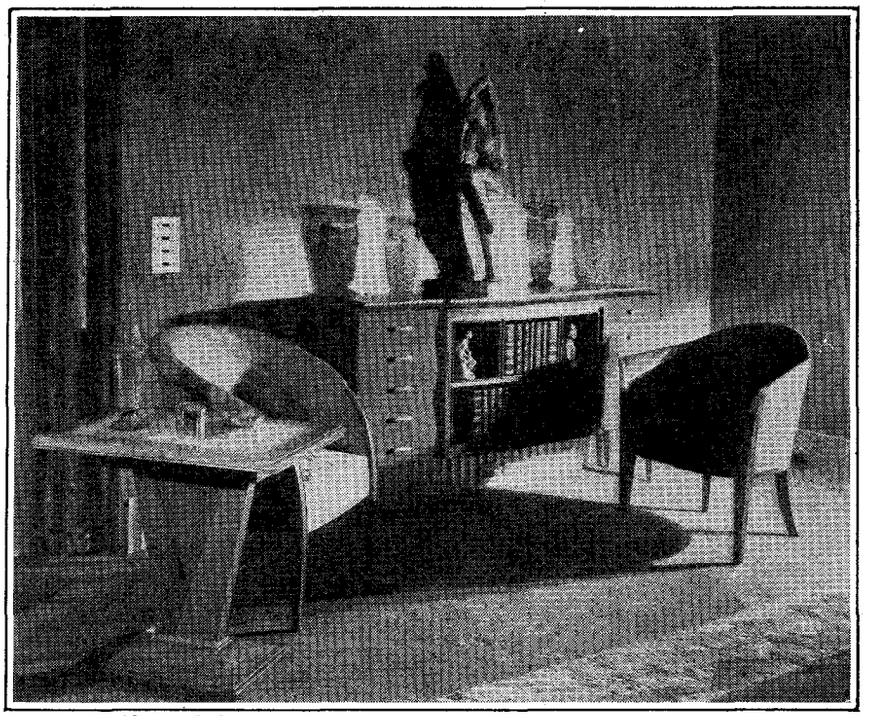
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

SIX American and five French designers were represented in the Exhibition of Twentieth Century Taste recently held at Altman's. We went and looked, and came away feeling that in spite of a few isolated examples of the American work which pleased us, the French designers had it all over the Americans. Good taste in the Americans seemed to be sporadic. It will be present in the draperies, will miss the armchair completely to come close to perfection in the table, then, totally absent in the lighting fixtures, will come out strong in the mantel. The American room seemed to us restless, self-conscious and uneasy. There was much more suave unity in the French work. An example of this we show you. The furniture in this salon by Dominique is of ash-colored pale walnut, with silver bronze mounts and trimmings of shark-skin.



Courtesy B. Altman & Co.

CORNER OF A SALON BY DOMINIQUE

SOME time ago we told you about a device which keeps the proper amount of moisture in the air of a house in the winter time. Judging by the number of inquiries we got, a good many people have come to realize that humidity is rather important, not only for the cleanliness and life of furniture, but for the comfort and health of humans. We believe therefore that you may be interested in a heating system we have seen, which will not only heat your house but will keep the air at the correct relative humidity. It is known as the Carrier Weathermaker, and uses gas as a fuel. It works in this way. The air is drawn from the rooms by a rotary blower and passed through filters which take out the dust and clean it thoroughly. It then goes through the interchanger, where it is heated by contact with the ducts through which the hot combustion gases pass out from the combustion chamber; then meets and is mixed with the vapor from the humidifier, which has been heated to the vaporizing point. It is then forced by a rotary blower through ducts which lead to the different rooms.

The Weathermaker operates with very little attention on the part of the householder. A thermostat controls the heat; a float valve controls the water level in the humidifier; there are controls on the gas line which shut off the gas automatically if the pilot light goes out, or if anything goes wrong so that any part of the system gets overheated. Since the warmed and conditioned air is sent into the rooms under pressure, the difference in the floor and ceiling temperatures is much less than when the rooms are heated by a regular hot air furnace, or by steam. There is also much less dust in the house, because all air is filtered. The principal advantage of this method of heating, however, seems to us to be the controlled humidity. We spare you a discussion of the value of this, since it has already been rather throughly discussed in this department.

This company is working now on a further improvement, which will be added to the Weathermaker in the near future — a cooling unit, which will cool the house in the hot summer days. Already theatres all over the country are using cooling systems made by this firm, but the unit for use in private houses has not yet been completely worked out. When it is, it can be added to the existing Weathermaker, which has been designed to take a cooling unit without change in its construction.

WE almost forgot to tell you about the modernistic bird cages we saw the other day. Perhaps only old-fashioned people keep canaries nowadays, but there are other birds with more modern color schemes that might look well in one of these angular and odd shaped habitations. The cages have different names which are supposed to have been suggested by their shapes—Bat, Rococo, Spider, Swirl and Cubistic. We can't draw pictures or we'd show you what they look like, but take it from us they're modern.

And also among the modernistics are skyscraper match boxes—hand painted cardboard containers designed to represent the skyline of lower Manhattan, which contain eleven-inch matches, and places in the roofs of the lower setbacks for cigarettes.

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Publicist or Politician?

(Continued from page 989)

his Presidential desk at Columbia, Dr. Butler seems a little stolid. The few thin hairs which he combed so carefully twenty-five years ago have long since vanished and now the top of his head is quite bald. The hair above his ears and at the back is gray, as are his mustaches, carefully trimmed where once they drooped. Dr. Butler is one of those men, just a little over weight, who dress so well that they appear to be wearing a morning coat when it is really only a sack suit. His ties are well chosen; of dark, subdued shades. And he wears, of course, stiff collars.

The first impression of complacency received by the visitor is dispelled when Dr. Butler begins to talk. Then one eyebrow—I think it is the right—cocks up above the other and gives him an inquiring, almost piquant appearance. This is reflected in his inability to sit still as he talks. He strides around the room and often, as he becomes lost in what he is saying, is virtually making a speech—with appropriate gestures. He talks well and forcefully, in conversation and on the platform. But I would not call him a great speaker, for his sentences are often involved and their meaning, when his addresses appear in print, is a little obscure. On the other hand, he can be extremely charming, particularly when he permits himself to recall the years that have passed and incidents of his long reign at Columbia.

Dr. Butler has been continuously President of Columbia University for more than twenty-six years and has been connected with the institution, as student or teacher or administrator, for almost half a century. When he was graduated, in 1882, there were 1,600 students. When he became President twenty years later the number had increased to 4,400. Today, including those who are special students and those in the extension department, the registration has reached the staggering total of 44,000. In 1902 the university budget was about $1,000,000 a year. Today it is almost $11,000,000. Millions have been spent on buildings and grounds. The endowment has grown correspondingly.

So much for the physical growth of Columbia. It is obvious that Dr. Butler has shown great gifts as an executive. He has been, like all university presidents, a beggar de luxe. He has persuaded wealthy citizens to contribute fortunes by pointing out that

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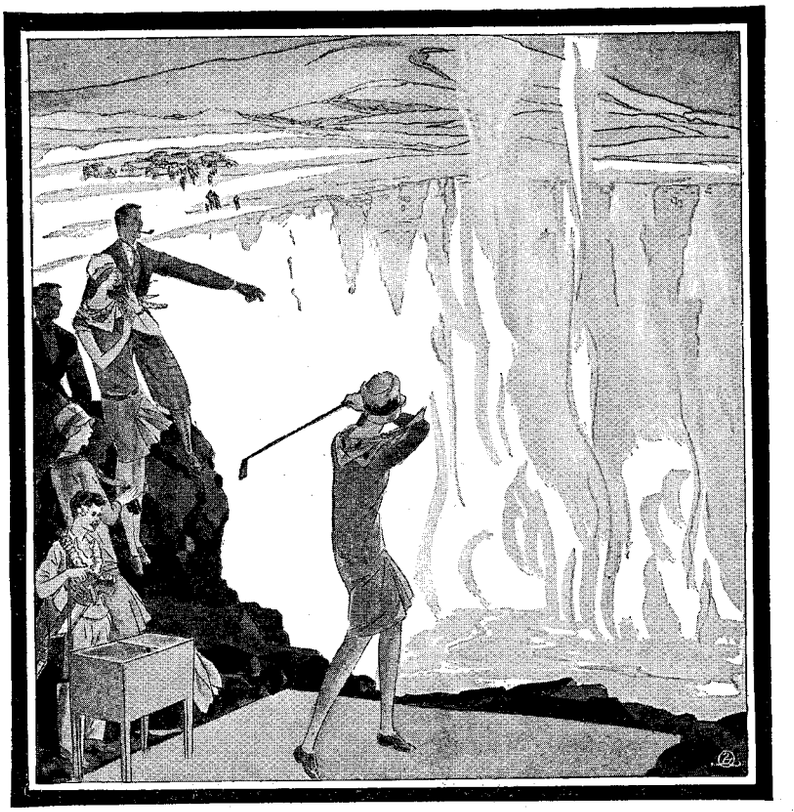

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

A Miscellany of History

The Chevalier Bayard, by **Samuel Shellabarger:** The Century Co.

James the Second, by **Hilaire Belloc:** Lippincott.

Marie Antoinette, by the **Marquis de Ségur,** translated by Mary Caroline Watt: Dutton.

Charles James Fox, by **John Drinkwater:** Cosmopolitan.

Benjamin Franklin of Paris, 1776-1785, by **Willis Steell:** Minton, Balch and Co.

My Friend Robespierre, by **Henri Beraud,** translated by Slater Brown: Macaulay.

Fascinating Women, by **Franz Blei,** translated by S. Guy Endore: Simon and Shuster.

NOTHING but the wish to keep our readers informed, in spite of limited space, of as many good and interesting new books as possible could justify the inclusion in what is more a list than a review of books so worthy of detailed attention and comment as those of Drinkwater, Belloc, de Ségur and Shellabarger. Of these names, Shellabarger's is new to us and in reading his book we have had not only the pleasure of following an absorbing narrative, but also that of discovering a stimulating mind and a fine, sober style. A quotation from the opening chapter of Shellabarger's book in which he describes the first and most famous biography of his hero may aptly be used to characterize his own work. Of that work ("The Joyous History of Bayard by the Loyal Servant;" Paris, 1527) Shellabarger says "it has every quality of artistic excellence: that sense of proportion which avoids tedium, a style harmonious with its matter, the ease and fluency of confident narrative, firm delicacy in the choice of phrase and incident." Unfortunately, Bayard is not to most people an interesting subject. He survives in the memory of men as a proverb for the male virtues, the knight without fear and without reproach. But he was actually only one mighty captain among many whose lives like his were "once gallant and intense" and he is felt by Shellabarger to be most interesting as a man born after his time, a great conservative, a survivor who carried into the hot turbulence of the Renaissance the chaste ideals of chivalry. But if the subject seems remote, a casual glance at the book will catch the reader's interest since it is gorgeous with descriptions of the period with which it deals. It is an excellent chronicle embellished with an excellent background, vivid with bright pictures of the pageantry of Renaissance courts, and horrible ones of the cruelty of the Italian wars. Shellabarger makes perhaps too insistent an effort to explain to modern understanding the springs of Bayard's emotions and the motives for such deeds as are difficult to accept. But the work which he set out to do was not easy: and he has succeeded in uncovering a man from the beautiful cerements of an almost hagiographical story. Some may find Shellabarger's style a little pedantic in the reflective passages of the book. We admire it, and find his gift for firm comment as refreshing as his talent for felicitous phrase is charming. In speaking of Bayard's mistress of whom nothing is known except that she was, he says, "She remains a name, the single echo of a once imperious hour." That sentence is a sweet sound to the ear.

Hilaire Belloc is always a diverting and often an exciting person to read. He has a fine ardor for a fight. In writing about James the Second of England who gave up "three crowns and all his House" for his faith and who founded the modern British navy, he has chosen a subject which is controversial to say the least. The subject is *per se* more interesting to English than to American readers, but any one with a flair for history must find so individual a re-reading of it stimulating. The thesis of this book is scarcely as arguable, to us, as is that, for instance, of the volume of Belloc's history of England which deals with the Plantagenet kings, but if the bias of previous historians of James the Second has been Protestant, Belloc's is Catholic; and one must choose for one's self a middle ground. Apart from the religious question, the most interesting argument raised by Belloc is contained in his discussion of the rise under the Stuarts of the organized rich as a great political power. That is something which has, of course, much timely interest for us. Belloc's style is lucid, full of vitality and wit. History, in his hands, is a lively thing.

Readers who can enjoy French books in the original will probably be already familiar with the Marquis de Ségur's biography of Marie Antoinette. It is distinguished by the urbanity and by the smooth, ordered style which marks the work of French essayists. The translation is excellent. So well does it preserve the gallic essence that the reader who will take the trouble to compare, say, the first paragraph of Marie Antoinette with the first paragraph of Belloc's or of Drinkwater's book will have under his eyes a splendid illustration of one of the differences between French and English literary methods.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
***Cincinnati*—Stewart Kidd**
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spraggs, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. The stories, some funny and some sad, but all interesting, of an odd assortment of people. Reviewed last week.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed last week.

All Kneeling, by Anne Parrish: Harpers. This amusing story of a sweet trouble maker will please those who like their irony very light. Reviewed September 19th.

The Children, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. This excellent novel about the sad fate of the children of the easily and often divorced is one of Mrs. Wharton's best. Reviewed Sept. 26th.

Swan Song, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. The end of the grand story of the Forsytes. Reviewed August 1st.

Non-Fiction

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: G. P. Putnams Sons. Reviewed in last issue.

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Mil- was not a flash in the pan of youth. To be reviewed later.

Adventure of an African Slayer, by Captain Canot, ed. Malcolm Cowley: A. & C. Boni. This lively and blood-curdling story of true adventure will please most readers. Reveiwed July 25th.

Disraeli, by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles; Appleton. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed Feb. 22nd.

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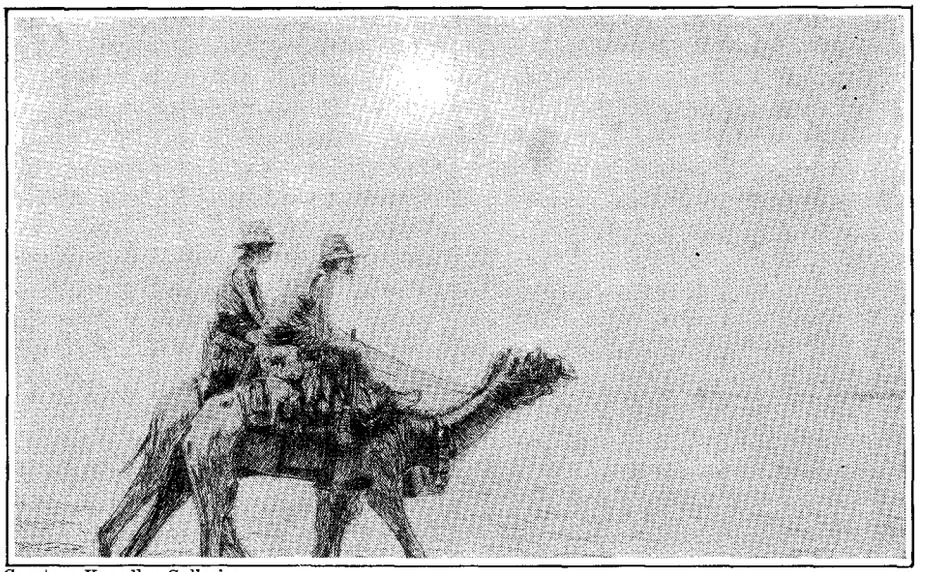
Marie Antoinette appears in De Ségur's pages as the familiar figure of tragedy, but also she appears as her own worst enemy, the headstrong woman whose follies, whose impulsiveness and whose desire to meddle in statecraft were the occasion—not, of course, the cause—of the French revolution. Having had a mother who combined great feminine charm with a genius for statesmanship, Marie Antoinette refused to realize that she had inherited only one of those qualities. And when Mirabeau said "The only man about the King is the Queen," he spoke of her magnificent courage, not of her abilities. The Marquis de Ségur, who wrote this book some eight or ten years ago, had access to papers concerning his subject which had not been previously available, so that his book throws some new light on such curious incidents as the correspondence of the royal party with revolutionary leaders. The book is a fluent, picturesque and moving narrative. The author's instinct for selection has led him to choose for description just such scenes as will recreate to best advantage not only his characters but their historical background.

Drinkwater's book on "Charles James Fox," while it may add nothing to the sum of knowledge about the subject, will give pleasure to many readers and will renew their acquaintance with a great many of those people who linger in the memory as names attached to speeches learned for "elocution," or to dates learned for "American history." A book about Fox means a book partly about Pitt and Burke, Horace Walpole, George the Third, Lord North and so forth, and about the London which included the salons of the great and lovely ladies who look out from the pictures of Romney and Gainsborough and the gambling rooms at Alcock's and Brook's. And such a book could scarcely be dull. In Drinkwater's hands it is brilliant and full-bodied. He presents the whole English scene and the characters which moved across it. And the figure of his hero is reanimated by Drinkwater's dramatic power. Fox stands up alive out of the book, "a man greatly loved and greatly memorable," who was one of the greatest figures in the history of "the opposition" in English parliamentary history, and whose "public life had the supreme virtue of fearlessness."



Courtesy Knoedler Galleries.

STRANGE SIGNALS
Etching by James McBey

Benjamin Franklin, when he went to Paris on behalf of the new American nation, became not only an adroit diplomat but a social lion. He was adored and petted by the wit and fashion of Paris. On the pages of Willis Steell's entertaining book Mirabeau, Beaumarchais, Voltaire, Diderot, Mme. du Deffand and others appear in sympathetic sketches. The atmosphere of pre-revolutionary Paris is well suggested. This book would be interesting to read in connection with the "Marie Antoinette," as would "My Friend Robespierre." Béraud has written of Robespierre as from the point of view of a friend of his youth who watches the career through the rose-colored glasses of affection but still with considerable judgment. The book is a good narrative and the portrait of Robespierre, if unfamiliar is still perfectly plausible, showing him as an idealist betrayed by his weaknesses. Some of the women who appear in the "Benjamin Franklin" are to be found again in Franz Blei's "Fascinating Women," which rather unhappy title has been given to a group of character sketches, some of them biographical essays, some fictionalized, of a score of women, great or strange or both, whose lives were important foot-notes to history. Every reader can make his own choice of subject because the first lady selected is the Empress Theodora, the last Mata Hari. But most will agree, apart from personal interest, that the essays on Saint Theresa, Liselotte of the Palatine and Christina of Sweden are the best. Some of the others are insignificant, and some tawdry, but the whole makes entertaining and, to those somewhat deeply interested in history, provocative reading. Franz Blei has a biting wit but considerable humanity with it. Without having seen the original it is perhaps unfair to criticize the translation which is journalistic and commonplace in style.

A Way Of Salvation

By MILTON BYRON

"The Open Conspiracy," by H. G. Wells: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

"SO I bear my witness and argue my design. This is, I declare, the truth and the way of salvation." Thus speaks the ambitious and indefatigable Mr. Wells in the introduction to his latest book, "The Open Conspiracy," in which he outlines the path of world salvation with a self-assurance so complacent as to be rather disconcerting to the reader. Mr. Wells is not his old self. Neither is he at his best in this kind of writing. He has said nothing new, and yet he labors under the delusion that he has created a revolutionary piece of work. The jacket blurb, which he wrote himself, expresses the vain hope that his book will be read and seriously pondered by every intelligent person. His is the conceit that surpasses human understanding.

The first three-quarters of the book are terribly labored. But he is inspired and he keeps plowing. He is terrifically in earnest. His mind is so bubbling over with the overwhelming importance of his scheme of salvation that he has some difficulty in coming to the point.

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It's going to take real will-power to leave this place for a stuffy office. I don't think Mary and the children ever enjoyed a vacation more. Of course, the seashore is always good—with the sun, and the air, and the whole beach for the children to play on. But it takes a hotel like this to make you feel at home. . . . It's a large place, I guess, though I really don't know much about the inside (except the dining-room). I spend most of my time on the Ocean Deck with a steamer robe across my knees—reading to Mary or sleeping. Yes, sleeping! I came here for a rest! , , ,

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Finally, after drilling somewhat inconsequentially through one hundred and forty-two of the two hundred pages, he begins to strike bed rock. And he is certainly no piker in his demands upon the "serious minority" of mankind, on whose shoulders he places the full burden of bringing to fruition his plan for saving mankind. To be a member of the "Open Conspiracy," Mr. Wells tells the reader, one must subscribe to the following theories:

(1) The complete assertion, practical as well as theoretical, of the provisional nature of existing governments and of our acquiescence in them;

(2) The resolve to minimize by all available means the conflicts of these governments, their militant use of individuals and property, and their interference with the establishment of a world economic system;

(3) The determination to replace local or national ownership of at least credit, transport, and staple production by a responsible world directorate serving the common ends of the race;

(4) The practical recognition of the necessity for world biological control, for example, of population and disease;

(5) The support of a minimum standard of individual freedom and welfare in the world; and

(6) The supreme duty of subordinating the personal life to the creation of a world directorate capable of these tasks, and to the general advancement of human knowledge, capacity, and power.

"The admission therewith that our immortality is conditional and lies not in the race and not in our individual selves."

This is, in the opinion of this reviewer, a rather large order. We wonder how many of Mr. Wells's "serious minority" will accept, without at least some qualifications, all the tenets of his ultra-ambitious scheme. But one reckons without Mr. Wells on the field of compromise. He stands his ground, and no budging.

No single one of the six major premises Mr. Wells has so pertinaciously grouped together is either novel or without some support in the minds of certain people. But the acceptance by the "serious minority" of his plan in toto is a doubtful matter.

We fear that the usually resourceful and highly imaginative Mr. Wells has fallen under the spell of a messianic delusion. Nevertheless, there are many people who will enjoy this book. It is well worth reading because, whether or not the reader agrees with the author, he will be stimulated and made to think even if only to refute certain doubtful statements he will encounter.

A Faith for Youth

By Amos N. Wilder

"Should Such a Faith Offend?" By Ernest William Barnes. Doubleday, Doran and Co.

"THE religion that is afraid of science dishonours God and commits suicide." So wrote Emerson in his journal in 1831, and it might serve as a text for this book a hundred years later. It is a truth that has grown more and more crucial with these hundred years and it is a truth that is likely to remain crucial for decades to come. The particular science changes from decade to decade. But the religion that fears any truth is impious.

The Bishop of Birmingham is a magnificent advocate of this standpoint. For those who love the Christ who is truth how delightful it is to see a cleric speaking on such occasion as called forth many of these addresses: The International Congress of Psychology, a meeting of the Masters and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Gardeners, The Eugenics Education Society. Here are two Presidential Addresses, before the Union of Educational Institutions and The Science Masters Association. Here is one man, anyway, who in his own person marries secular and sacred truth and honors the Nazarene in the world of the Intelligence. Dr. Barnes gets his glow, indeed, from a sense of succession to Colet, More and Erasmus. He has the sense of Gospel in the message of Christian humanism today. Speaking of the opportunity of our new knowledge of the Bible he says, "There has been for Christians nothing like it since the great Humanists of the Renaissance felt that they had escaped the shackles of mediaeval Scholasticism." He loves to stress the fact that Christianity is normal to mankind, and that it is ever "congruous with all that is finest in human thought and endeavor." He suffers with the thought that so many imagine that our faith is tied to an obsolete sytem and obsolete views. He wants men to see that Jesus is a "modern of moderns" and that Christianity being "true to the facts of

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human life" should be given a chance in its simplicity around us today.

But he sees that there are inveterate enemies to this disentangled Gospel. Chief of these are certain degredations of true Christianity which the writer views as survivals of pre-Christian paganism. A recrudescence of Aryan pantheism he sees in our theosophies and sub-Christian cults today. More important, however, is the sway of a false sacramentalism which he traces to Iberian racial traits. It is the release of these latent instincts, the intrusion of these persistent racial habits of mind that account for perversions of Christianity today. The central ethical note of Jesus's teachings is ignored in both. They find a ready field in a world dangerously tending towards barbarization. He summons science and the followers of the simple Nazarene to combat the reign of ignorance, instinct and superstition. He takes pains to make his book largely one of affirmation. Positively, his presentation of Jesus as the culminating figure in evolution and history is most persuasive, and there is no doubt that if such a faith gives offense in the back-waters of the age, it is the only one that will not offend youth, truth and the future.

Election by Emotion

(Continued from Page 966)

tion for their convincingness. In an election campaign, they have no power against the emotional pull of the moral enthusiasm and noble ardor that can be evoked against them.

It is true that neither of the present candidates will appeal to hate and prejudice, or address himself wholly to the emotions of the voters, or consciously take advantage of the subconscious currents that are running in his favor. That sort of thing is not done by presidential aspirants. It is left to the machine worker, the ward heeler, and the professional agitator. The candidates will use nothing but reasoned arguments, convincing to the understanding, and addressed to the "enlightened self-interest" of the "intelligent electorate." But unless the doctors have wrongly diagnosed the contemporary American mind, or I have failed to apply the diagnosis correctly to the issues of this campaign, Hoover will be elected on a swell of subconscious emotion that will float him into the White House on a tidal wave.

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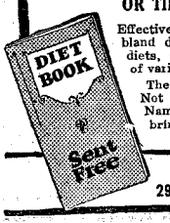

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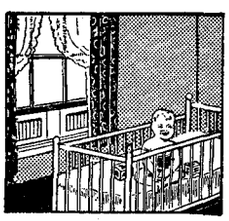

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Publicist or Politician?

(Continued from page 993)

a university is an institution "erected in the sphere of liberty" and that the obligation to support it is as great "as the moral obligation on the citizen to support by tax those institutions and undertakings that are established in the sphere of government." I doubt that any one can find fault with the manner in which Dr. Butler has provided for the material needs of Columbia.

There are some who feel that he has done less well as guardian of Columbia's spiritual growth. The institution still suffers because, during the war, Professors Cattell and Dana were forced to leave, because Professor Stowell resigned saying academic freedom no longer existed, because the distinguished historian, Professor Beard, left in disgust. It is not forgotten that Count Illya Tolstoy was forbidden to speak at Columbia and that Dr. Butler did not intercede in his behalf. A few recall that in 1917 and 1918 it was widely rumored that professors dared not express their opinions, when lunching at the Faculty Club, for fear that these might get back to the President's office and be held in conflict with those of Dr. Butler. He had given solemn warning, in June of 1917, that any student or professor who "counsels opposition to the effective enforcement of the laws of the United States—or who acts, speaks or writes treason," would be summarily dismissed. What was lacking, he said, was not academic freedom, but "a just sense of academic responsibility." And day by day the more conservative among the trustees began to interfere to an increased degree with what was being taught and what was being said in university lecture rooms.

An article which Professor Beard wrote for the "New Republic" in December of 1917 was a bitter indictment of the Butler régime. Nor had his oppressive acts been limited to the years of war hysteria. Dr. Butler, said Dr. Beard, "cannot conceive of a scholar's entertaining progressive ideas." As far back as 1912, making inquiries regarding an instructor for a neighboring college, he had said that "a man of Bull Moose proclivities would not be acceptable." Regarding the war years, Dr. Beard wrote:

"It was the evident purpose of a small group of trustees (unhindered, if not aided, by Dr. Butler) to take advantage of the state of war to drive out or humiliate or terrorize very man who held progressive, liberal or unconventional views on political matters in no way connected with the war. The institution was to be reduced below the level of a department store or factory and I therefore tendered my resignation."

These criticisms, I repeat, have been lost sight of in the face of Dr. Butler's growing liberalism. Today it is only those with uncompromising hostility who point out that it is not difficult to be broad-minded when all is serene and no social dogmas are in peril. It is they who declare that Dr. Butler is a fair-weather liberal. They admit that a member of the faculty could today urge recognition of Russia and still hold his job. They insist that in another crisis, though, the President of Columbia would again become frightened and therefore oppressive. They point, in proof, to his definition of liberalism as contained in "The Faith of a Liberal," a recent collection of his speeches and essays:

"There was a time—and that was not so long since—when the antithesis to liberalism was conservatism. The conservative used to defend the existing order of his time regardless of the fact that it sheltered privilege and was in many respects based upon doctrines long since abandoned and upon conditions long since outgrown.

"The true conservative, as distinguished from the Tory, who defends what has been simply because it has been and who abhors change simply because it is change, has now pretty generally passed over into the liberal camp.

"The true antithesis to liberalism is that many-sided tendency and doctrine which makes for uniformity and for con formity and whose instruments are compulsions and prohibitions. It sometimes takes the form of socialism, sometimes that of communism, and sometimes that of fanatical despotism. Radicalism is not a form of liberalism. Occasionally there is to be found a radical who is really a liberal, but most radicals wage war upon liberty with any instrument upon which they can lay their hands."

Perhaps this is really a definition of a conservative. There seems to be, in Dr. Butler's mind, little difference between the two. One is glad to know that he does not, himself, fully adhere to his own definition. In his attitude toward prohibition, at least, Dr. Butler is no milk-and-water liberal. He is, if I read his speeches correctly, quite radical in his hostility.

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Augustus Muir's
The Shadow on the Left
Bobbs Merrill

Generally speaking, we believe that the best thrillers are those in which the hero, after being warned away from the mystery which he wants to solve by the angry zip of a midnight bullet from the gun of an unknown assailant, decides to go it alone without calling in the police. This eliminates at once the worst feature of nine out of ten detective stories—the detective. You know immediately that the author is going in for hair raising rather than for hair splitting. You know that instead of fingerprints, footprints, chemical analyses, constables, disguises and essential clues, you will have battle, murder and sudden death. You know that you won't have to wade through a hundred or more pages of fiction detective logic in order to reach on page 308 a conclusion that you foresaw on page 26—a process which is about as thrilling as listening to someone else's explanation of how he solved a cross-word puzzle.

Now this book hasn't a detective in it, and from the moment when Peter and Bobby, on their way to dine with the Glencairns at their lonely house in the Hielans, find a wounded man in the bracken, there's not a page that will give you even time to fill and light a fresh pipe. There are enough villains to stock a jail, enough heroes to man the Argo. And there's the lovely Fiona, who has the good sense not to permit Peter to make love to her until you're within sight of the words "The End" at the foot of the page. We've read a couple of hogsheads of thrillers in the last few months—this is one of the three best.

R. Austin Freeman's
As a Thief in the Night
Dodd Mead

With nothing new in either plot or method, this nevertheless is one of the most satisfactory detective stories we have read. Harold Monkhouse dies, under circumstances which are unusual but not particularly suspicious. An inquest shows him to have been poisoned. Perplexingly contradictory clues appear. And then Dr. Thorndyke is called in and with a minimum of waste cerebration solves the mystery of one of the most ingenious and unusual crimes we ever heard of. His theories are amazingly clever and absolutely watertight. If you aspire to be anything of a connoisseur of detective stories and have never met Dr. Thorndyke, we counsel you to become acquainted with this scientist at once.

Alan Sims'
Phoinix
Little Brown

Here is the story of the "Iliad" again, told in the modern idiom. But it is not, like "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," a tale of modern people with modern motives and ideas in a classic environment. The people are not modernized, nor is the story. A better story, therefore, if less amusing. Peleus and Phoinix—who tells the story—and Akhilleus and Menelaos and the rest have a reality which they would otherwise lack. And there are some splendid pictures at the siege of Troy. We suppose the author has good and sufficient reason for approximating the Greek spelling in his proper names, but it made it confusing for us, who have no Greek, to have Pollux called Polydeukes and Achilles Akhilleus, and so on. However, we'd be willing to puzzle out more difficult names than these for the pleasure of reading another story as interesting and as well written as this.

C. Fraser-Simson's
The Swinging Shutter
Dutton

Queer goings on at Aunt Rosa's house at Drumlogan. Shirley couldn't understand them, and neither could we, although we could see that Nurse Jacobs and Dr. Tellman and Lola were up to no good. Obviously Ralph wasn't any use, but we realized from the first that Dallas could be relied on. And all the while the shutter on the old inn swings back and forth, and there isn't any more reason for that than for anything else. Oh well, perhaps we expect too much. You'll probably find it fairly exciting if you don't care why.

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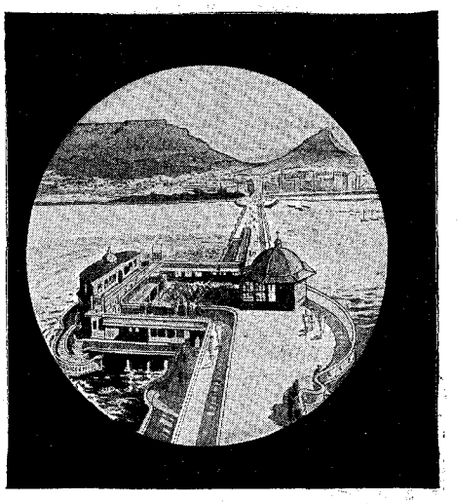

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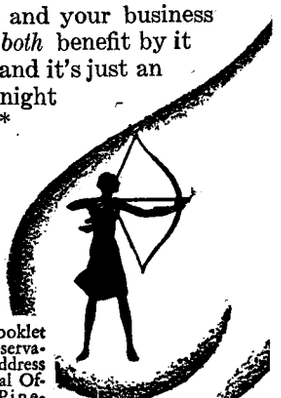

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